

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

JOHN EMORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOHN EMORY was born in Maryland, on the 11th of April, 1789. His father and mother were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The father was a class-leader in the Church. The mother was a woman of noble heart, of generous spirit, of strong mind, and of sincere piety. Their house had long been the home of the early coadjutors in their itinerant visits to the eastern shore of Maryland. The children were accustomed from infancy to the company and conversation of these holy men of God, and to the hallowing exercises of family devotion.

Thus early trained in the doctrines and usages, and subjected to the influences of the Church, they were easily susceptible of religious impressions, and exhibited early an affinity for Methodism. They were accustomed to attend, with their parents, class meetings, love-feasts, quarterly meetings, and camp meetings. Two of the children were converted at home during family prayer, and others at very early ages were converted at social and public meetings, and became excellent and exemplary Christians.

The father it seems had some notions very common, but altogether erroneous, respecting the education of children. Instead of giving his children a thorough and general education, qualifying them for any business or profession in life, and then leaving them, when they should become of age, to choose for themselves a profession, according to their own taste, inclination, or judgment, he classified his children, when at a very early age, for different pursuits and professions, and then educated each one for the specific department of business to which he had appointed him. One was to be a farmer, one a merchant, one a doctor, one a statesman, and one a lawyer. In this capricious allotment John was set apart for the lawyer. His education, therefore, was directed to this specific end. At the early age of ten years he was sent from home to attend a classical school. Fortunately, though designed for a specific profession, his edu-

cation was conducted by his teachers on a classical and very liberal scale.

He spent four years at a classical academy at Easton, Md.; one year at an academy in Strasburg, Penn.; and two years at Washington College, eastern shore of Maryland. During these seven years he was thoroughly trained in a liberal course of study. At the close of his academic course he entered as a student of law in the office of Richard Tilghman Earle, Esq., of Centerville, Md. Having pursued diligently and thoroughly the study of law for three years, he was, at the age of nineteen, admitted to the bar. Immediately he opened an office, business flowed rapidly on him, and he had every prospect of rising to wealth and fame in the profession which his father had chosen for him. But a change came over his spirit, and his whole plan of life was modified.

He had not in his attention to the classics abandoned the Bible, nor in his devotion to the law forgotten the Gospel. His mother at the time of his birth had consecrated him to the Lord. She had hoped he might become a minister at the sanctuary of God. She had constantly prayed for him. The influence of the religious impressions he had received in his childhood had not departed from him. While at school at Easton, when not more than eleven or twelve years old, during a religious excitement, he had become seriously disposed, and had joined a Methodist class, consisting of small boys, led by a faithful and pious man. He might have continued in the path of early piety, without deviation or retardation, had he not been seduced by a classmate to do an act which wounded his tender conscience. The act itself was wholly harmless, merely climbing a tree, in a retired wood, to see a distant horse-race. But he thought it wrong. He, however, did it, and thereby violated the dictates of his conscience. The injury, therefore, to him was as great as though he had committed some act in itself criminal. The effect on his mind was unfortunate. He became discouraged, neglected his class, gave up his religious profession, and returned to a life of worldly ambition.

The good Spirit did not, however, give him up. It followed him still, nor could he forget the prayers

and instructions of his pious mother. In August, 1806, while a student at law, he attended a quarterly meeting in the neighborhood of his family home. It was a season of gracious revival. His brother and sister had shared in the heavenly visitation. He had been for some time unusually serious, though he had concealed his feelings from the family. The evening before the commencement of the meeting there was a social gathering of several members of the family at the house of an elder brother. The evening was spent in singing, in religious conversation, and in prayer. John took no part in the exercises; but remained a quiet, serious, and respectful spectator. Early on the ensuing Sabbath the family proceeded to love-feast. John, though not yet a member of the Church, accompanied them by invitation, and took a seat in the crowded assembly. In the course of the exercises, Emory, to the surprise of the people, arose from his seat, and in the most solemn manner called God, and angels, and the people there present, to witness that he had that day determined to seek the salvation of his soul. He then fell upon his knees, and remained during the love-feast, silently praying the Lord to pardon his sins. Much interest was excited among the people by the unexpected and interesting circumstances of the occasion. His sisters, who sat near the door, when they heard his voice, and knew it was their brother, were nearly overcome with emotion and joy. A circle of pious, devoted, and praying Christians was formed about him. While they were praying for him, he suddenly arose from his knees, and with indescribable composure declared that he felt peace and comfort. A smile of angelic loveliness was lighted up on his countenance. He was the very personification of peaceful, tranquil bliss. From this happy moment his course was onward and upward. He led ever after a life of piety and of active Christian zeal. He was always in the way of duty, never deviating from the path of righteousness.

Soon after his conversion he was appointed class-leader, an office for which he was peculiarly qualified. Believing it to be his duty to labor still more extensively for the salvation of the people, he obtained license to preach in a local capacity. While yet a student at law, he preached every Sunday, either in the town where he resided or some place in the neighboring country. Continuing his practice of preaching Sunday after he commenced the practice of law, he began soon to feel a desire to devote himself wholly to the work of the Christian ministry. But his course in this direction was encompassed by difficulties. To abandon his legal profession and lucrative practice would subject him to great personal sacrifices. He was in the line of safe precedents, and on the direct road to honor, fame, and fortune. His talents were of the highest order, his reputation unsullied, his popularity rapidly increasing, and his success certain. To become an itinerant Methodist preacher he must aban-

don his position, with all its advantages and prospects.

All these sacrifices, however, he could cheerfully make. All the privations and inconveniences of an itinerant life he could with fortitude endure. But there was in his way another difficulty of formidable import. His father flatly and plumply refused consent to his becoming a traveling preacher. What could he do? No man held in higher respect than did John Emory parental authority; yet he acknowledged a law higher still—a law emanating from the authority that is over all, and made known to him by the Spirit of God operating on his heart. He had the witness of the divine Spirit testifying through his conscience that he was called to preach. While he conceded, according to the established order of civilized society, the right of his father to control his business pursuits during his minority, he could not acknowledge any such right to form for him any engagements to extend beyond the age of twenty-one years, or to dictate his course of life after he had passed to the age of independent manhood. During his twenty-first year he suffered most intensely from conflicting emotions. He would most willingly do all in his power to gratify the feelings and meet the wishes of his father; but he could not refrain from giving up himself to the work of the ministry. After much "reading, prayer, and meditation, he made a covenant on his knees, wrote and signed it, to give up the law," and become a preacher. His father was sorely displeased at the decision to which his son had come. He well-nigh for a time disowned him. He would neither hear him preach nor allow him to write to him. The day of reconciliation, however, at last came. Some three years after the son had entered the ministry the father fell sick. No sooner had he ascertained that his end was nigh, than he dispatched a messenger for that son whom he had so obstinately discarded. The son hastened home, sat down by the bed of his dying father, watched assiduously over him, administered to him the consolations of the Gospel, received his last blessing, and saw him depart in peace and in hope of eternal life.

In the spring of 1810, on the very week of his twenty-first birthday, Emory joined the Philadelphia conference. The first two years of his ministry he traveled on the circuits called Caroline and Cambridge, on the eastern shore of Maryland. For the next twelve years he occupied stations at Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington City, Annapolis, and Hagerstown. Of the incidents of his life during the fourteen years he spent on circuits and stations we have no account; for he kept no journal. The fact that he remained uniformly in each station he occupied the second term allowed by the law of itinerancy, is evidence that he sustained himself well in the work to which he had devoted his life. The fact of his being elected by the Philadelphia conference, when he was barely eligible from age, a member of the General conference of 1816, and

of his being appointed by authority of the General conference of 1820 the delegate of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America to the British Wesleyan conference, would seem to exhibit the high rank he held among the preachers.

The mission to England was a work of much importance and great delicacy. Originally Methodism had been one in England and in America. The early American conferences placed the name of Wesley on their Minutes, and acknowledged him as their ecclesiastical head, and willingly obeyed his wishes in all matters of Church organization and government. After some few years, conceiving that Mr. Wesley, from his great distance from America, and his want of personal knowledge of the ever-changing circumstances of a new world, like America, could not be qualified to make wise and prudent decisions on various matters relating to American matters, and fearing lest, should they continue to acknowledge his jurisdiction, he might claim the right to recal Mr. Asbury, and appoint to the superintendency some one not agreeable to the American conference, they dropped his name from their Minutes, and so, in effect, dissolved all ecclesiastical connection with the British Methodists. No official intercourse had been held between the British and American connections for many years. In the mean time serious difficulties had occurred between the preachers of the American and those of the British connection in Canada. As early as 1791 missionaries had been sent from the conferences in the United States to Canada. Success had attended their labors, societies had been organized, and circuits and districts formed. In 1820 there were in Upper and Lower Canada two districts, about twenty circuits and stations, nearly thirty preachers, and upward of five thousand members. Yet there was still room in the Canadian provinces for a greater number of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and the Missionary Society of the British connection had, with the best intentions in the world, began, about 1812, to send missionaries to Canada. Unfortunately difficulties soon sprung up between the British missionaries and the American preachers in Canada. The parties often came in ecclesiastical collision. The British missionaries, instead of entering on unoccupied ground, began to interfere with the societies already formed, and occupy the churches already built by the American connection. Each party had its adherents among the people. Some of the Canadians adhered to the British missionaries on account of political sympathies. Others adhered to the American connection on account of old associations, of gratitude, and of sincere affection. Soon, therefore, a condition of things peculiarly unfortunate, and utterly destructive of all religious prosperity, and uncongenial to Christian feeling, began to exist. To effect a settlement of these difficulties, and to renew the friendly intercourse between the two great sections of the Methodist community, the General conference of 1820 resolved to send a delegate to the British

conference, with instructions "to endeavor, by all prudent and practicable means, to effect an amicable and permanent adjustment of the unpleasant difficulties existing in Canada," and to propose, in order to restore and preserve friendly and harmonious relations between the British and American connections, a mutual interchange of delegates every four years. The Board of Bishops were authorized to appoint the man who, in their judgment, would be most likely to succeed in accomplishing the objects of this mission. They unanimously selected Emory; and never was a selection more fortunate. He was yet but a young man, hardly passed the age of thirty, yet his talents, his prudence, his learning, and his urbanity marked him as the one most likely of all men in the Methodist Episcopal Church to make a favorable impression on the British conference, and to effect the object of the General conference.

Mr. Emory on his arrival in England held an interview with the Missionary Committee at London, and then proceeded to meet the British conference at Liverpool. His success was triumphant. He obtained of the Missionary Committee and of the conference all he could reasonably ask, and accomplished all the American conference could hope. A settlement of the Canadian difficulties, on the basis proposed by the General conference in their instructions to Mr. Emory, was readily effected. The Canadian territory was divided. The British took Lower and the Americans Upper Canada, and the ministers of each connection devoted their services to their own province.

The impression made by Mr. Emory on the British conference was most favorable to himself and to the American Church, whose minister he was. He was treated with uncommon attention and with great consideration. His address before the conference, explaining the objects of his mission, was a masterly exhibition of the origin, progress, success, and prospects of American Methodism. His sermon before the conference, preached and afterward published at their request, was one of the finest specimens of pulpit oratory ever exhibited in England or America. It received the highest encomiums from Clarke, Watson, Benson, and others, whose names stand highest among the illustrious successors of Wesley.

At the General conference of 1824 Mr. Emory was elected Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, and in 1828 he was promoted to the place of Principal Agent. In the office of book agent he exhibited a comprehensiveness of plan and an energy of execution which have never been equaled by any of his predecessors or successors. When he entered the Concern, a common store, with a counting-room in the rear, sufficed for the transaction of all the business in the establishment. The books were printed at other offices, on contract. They were bound in the basement of the Wesleyan Seminary, in Crosby-street, and then conveyed in a wheelbarrow to the Book-Room, in Fulton-street.

How many persons were employed about the establishment at that time I know not. There could not, however, have been a very large force; for the Rev. Joshua Soule, on retiring from the office in 1820, reports to the General conference that he and his associate had not only performed the editorial labor and various branches of clerkship, but had actually, with their own hands, did the packing, hooping, and shipping of the boxes. When Mr. Emory retired from the Concern in 1832, it had become the largest book establishment in the United States, employing nearly two hundred persons, and a capital of more than four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Emory introduced an entire new and efficient system of operations. He infused into the Concern an energy which has made it, notwithstanding the immense loss it suffered by the destructive fire in 1836, second to few, if any, publishing establishments in the world.

His literary duties in the Book Concern were discharged with great ability and satisfaction. He selected the books for publication with great care and much discrimination. The Methodist Magazine, which had been commenced in 1818, and had been usually made up of extracts from other works, and of miscellaneous articles, he elevated to the dignity of a quarterly review, and occupied its pages with subjects of general and permanent interest. He employed, so far as could be expected from his multifarious engagements and feeble health, his own pen to enrich its pages. Many of the articles extant from his pen, either in the pages of the Review or in other forms, partake of the character of controversy more largely than is agreeable to most readers. Controversy, however, was not the passion of Emory. He entered the field only to avert or repel the attacks of enemies on the Church, to whose doctrines and Discipline he was most ardently attached. It was his lot to live during the evil days, when excitement in relation to Church government was highly intense. In the contest known in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church as the Radical controversy, which culminated in 1828, and resulted in a large secession from the Church, Emory stood forth in the front ranks as one of the master-spirits in vindication of "our fathers," and in defense of the system of Church government bequeathed to their sons by Asbury and his early coadjutors. The war was waged on the part of the "Reformers," as they chose to style themselves, with the most intense bitterness. The most desperate assaults were made on the Church, and the most violent attacks on the good and great men who had founded it, and who had devoted their all to its edification.

Manfully, boldly, chivalrously stepped forward Emory in defense. He brought to bear in the contest talents of the highest order, and a temper of the smoothest yet keenest edge. Gallantly did he sustain the cause—successfully did he conduct the defense. When the battle was over, he retired from the contest crowned with laurels, and laden

with the blessings of those who respect the memory of Asbury, and love the institutions of the Methodist Church. He did not, however, idly repose on his laurels. He was constantly on the watch against either assault or surprise. He was preparing at the time of his death for the defense of the Church against attacks from those who, in their arrogance, please to assume for themselves only the right by "uninterrupted succession from the apostles" to administer the ordinances of God. But his sudden death left this work unfinished.

According to the usage at that time, Mr. Emory could remain in the Book Concern only eight years. As the time of his retiring from the establishment grew near, the reputation he had acquired for talents and energy caused numerous and vigorous efforts to be made to secure his services in other departments of Christian enterprise. He was offered the Presidency of Madison College at Uniontown, of Alleghany College at Meadville, and of Randolph Macon College in Virginia. But fearing the confinement to the duties of the presidency of a literary institution might utterly prostrate his health, already precarious, he declined to accept any of the positions offered him, with the intention of enjoying a respite from care and labor, till he could recruit his energies, exhausted by too close application to business and to study. But he was not allowed to carry out his purpose of relaxation. At the General conference of 1832 he was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was an office neither to be sought nor declined. An office of so great dignity and of so efficient means of extensive usefulness could only be accepted, and its responsible duties discharged to the best of his physical, moral, and intellectual ability.

It must be conceded that he came into the office of bishop with very superior qualifications. In literary acquirements he was greatly in advance of all his predecessors and colleagues. He had had the inestimable advantage of thorough training in a full and judicious course of academic education. By classical study he had acquired habits of accuracy, taste, and discrimination. By legal study he had acquired critical and logical acumen. By general reading he had become acquainted with the whole range of science, literature and art. By his position in the Book Concern he had acquired habits of application to all the details of business. By his controversy with the Radicals he had become acquainted, more fully than any other man in America, with the theory of Church government. He was, therefore, deficient in no branch of knowledge available in his important position. He excelled in compass and comprehensiveness of mind. Standing at the center, he could comprehend at one view all the interests of the Church, diversified by physical and moral circumstances. He could bring his varied acquisitions and his indomitable energy to bear on the cause of missions, of Sunday schools, of education, of the Book Concern, on the best means to secure the property of the Church in

meeting-houses and parsonages, and on the efficient administration of Discipline.

He was a man of progressive mind, a movement man, a true reformer. He believed Methodism the "child of Providence," and under obligation to follow wherever Providence might lead. He would not hesitate to change a rule of Church discipline whenever, from a change of circumstances, it might become imperative or expedient. He would advocate such occasional modifications in our economy and usages as would enable us to keep fully up with the spirit of the age and the demands of the times.

While, however, he was for progress, he was also the least possibly disposed to rash, hasty, and ill-advised movements. He was no Utopian theorist, no visionary fanatic, no restless innovator, no random experimenter. All his plans were well matured, feasible, and of evident utility.

He was eminently calculated to become the leading champion of the Church, the master-spirit of the Episcopacy. His positions were so well chosen, his measures so judicious, his expositions so clear, and his reasons so cogent, that he was sure to bring all who would listen to him into coincidence with his views and to the support of his measures. He would, therefore, have succeeded in stamping all the measures of the Church with the impress of his own power and energy.

Whatever influence he might acquire, he would not fail to maintain. He never would be caught at surprise, and thereby suffer his reputation to be impaired. He was ever ready for any emergency, ever prepared for any exigency. He never would commit blunders, and thereby weaken the confidence others might have in his decisions.

He had the independence, the moral courage to dare where others would recoil, and to decide where others would hesitate. He would not, therefore, like some, suffer the season of successful action to pass while he was hesitating and deliberating. Promptitude, energy, and perseverance were characteristic traits in his mind.

His influence was greatly increased by the confidence which all who knew him entertained in his piety, his sincerity, his devotion to the interest of the Church, and in the purity of his motives. None could suspect him of selfishness in any of his views, or of sinister designs in any of his measures.

My personal acquaintance with him was limited. I had, however, the pleasure of meeting him on a few occasions, among which were two affording me an opportunity to observe the nature and extent of his peculiar talents. One was in 1830, at the organization of the Wesleyan University, of whose Board of Trustees he was a member; and the other was in 1835, at the session of the Maine conference, at which he presided.

In the debate on the organization of the University he took an active part, exhibiting very intimate acquaintance with the theory of educational enterprises, but betraying some want of experience

in the practical details of college instruction and discipline. At the conference at Bangor, in 1835, he presided in a most masterly manner. Never have I seen the presiding officer of any deliberative body render himself so useful and agreeable. During the proceedings of the conference he gave, on several questions of ecclesiastical law, opinions which, for clearness, accuracy, and precision of application, might stand, with honor, comparison with the matured and carefully written opinions of Marshall or Story on questions of civil and common law. By the request of the conference, he preached a sermon in memory of his friend and coadjutor, the beloved and venerated M^r Kendree. The sermon was one of the best I ever heard. It was a model—a specimen of a chaste, eloquent, evangelical sermon.

In power of analysis Bishop Emory excelled all men whom I ever heard, either in debate or in the pulpit. He would examine a subject in all its parts, bearings, and tendencies. He would hold it up before the mind in every possible light. He would turn it around and around, so as to exhibit every possible face. He would cleave it down, as the geologist would a mineral, to its primitive form. He would melt it in the crucible; he would detect all the elements of its composition, and determine their proportions by weight and by measure. Truth and error could not long remain intertwined in his hand. He would find the thread, disentangle the snarl, and present before you the skein clear, straight, and smooth. The Gordian knot would yield to him without the application of the knife.

While, however, his power of analysis was extraordinary, he did not excel in synthesis. His arguments were not deficient in point; but they had too many points. He was not skilled in plain, direct, precise, cogent reasoning to a single point. He introduced too many subjects but indirectly bearing on his main position. Though a fine classical scholar, he was not well trained in mathematics. He had never been drilled in precise and rigid demonstration. His mind had never been molded in the forms of Euclidian geometry. Though, therefore, his arguments were, when taken by parts, fine specimens of analysis, accuracy, and discrimination, yet, as a whole, they were often long, tedious, complicated, and inconclusive. Had his early teachers understood the character of his mind, and trained him as thoroughly and extensively in mathematics as they did in languages, he would have wielded a sword of fewer edges, but heavier and much more effective for execution.

In person, Bishop Emory was interesting in appearance. He was small, but straight, neat, and perfectly well proportioned. His features were regular and handsome. His voice was pleasant, but feeble. He could not be heard amid noise and confusion; yet so distinct was his enunciation, and so correct were his sentences, that he could easily be heard and understood by an audience very large, if quiet. His manner of preaching was energetic and forcible. His sermons and speeches

though wholly extemporaneous, were sufficiently accurate to be taken down by the stenographer, and published just as they were delivered.

He was a man of slender constitution and feeble health. While in circuits and stations he had occasionally to desist from preaching in order to recruit. While in the Book Agency he had occasionally to retire for relaxation. While traveling on his Episcopal visitation he was often troubled with absolute inability to sleep. On stopping for the night, he would, before retiring, go about his room, and fasten every loose shutter, and rattling window, and creaking door, and even then, perhaps, some slight noise in another room would entail on him for the night hopeless wakefulness. Yet, sick or well, he would keep up, so far as possible, his regular habits, rising, and retiring, and eating, and riding, and walking, and studying, at the same hours, day after day.

He was distinguished for purity and consistency of character. The man who, being acquainted with him, could suspect him of selfish or sinister motive must be deplorably jealous, or very badly depraved. He was firm, persevering, and always reliable. To what he deemed right he would adhere; nor could you coax, buy, or drive him, though you might reason him from his position.

Though decided in opinion, firm in purpose, and persevering in execution, yet he was kind, charitable, and benevolent to others. He would rather convert than defeat an opponent. If he must overthrow his adversary, he would never triumph over him. He was too magnanimous to insult the fallen.

He was a man of surpassing dignity. It would seem that he had never been a child, never enjoyed a child's sports, never knew a child's feelings. He would appear to have been in heart and mind a man from his birth. His letters written to his own wife and to his children are as precise, and formal, and dignified, as are his arguments on the constitutional organization of the Church. He seemed the same every-where—in the counting-room, in the pulpit, on the conference floor, in the Bishop's chair, and at the fireside. Yet with all this dignity, which he never for a moment laid aside, or in any way compromised, he was a most affectionate husband, provident father, and constantly reliable friend.

Amid his multifarious studies, plans, and enterprises, he constantly maintained a high degree of even-tempered, consistent, sincere piety. His letters to his friends and family breathe a spirit of devotion scarcely inferior to that of the pastoral letters of the saintly Fletcher. His sermons were always spiritual and evangelical. His writings, even when controversial, diffuse through the soul of the reader a spirit of elevated piety.

Take him for all in all, he was the very man for the times in which he lived. During the period of his ascendancy, from 1820 to 1835, the Church was passing a crisis in many respects. The old order of things was giving place to a new and improved

system. The Methodists were becoming a great people—great in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence, and in influence. A new system of operations, involving the enterprises of missions, Sunday schools, Bible societies, the publishing of periodicals and of books, the founding academies, seminaries, and colleges, had become as necessary as was the itinerant ministry itself. All these enterprises had been projected, and most of them commenced by Asbury and his early coadjutors, and they were in operation, most of them, however, on a small scale, before Emory's day. Yet just such a mind as his, so comprehensive, so versatile, so discriminating, so liberal, so highly improved by education, was necessary, at that particular time, to mature, perfect, and vivify the plans which the Church was forming. Though he died young, yet he accomplished much, very much during the twenty-five years of his ministry, and particularly during the ten or eleven years of his services in the Book Agency and in the Episcopacy.

Soon after the close of the General conference of 1832, Bishop Emory, having settled his family in Baltimore, proceeded on his first tour of episcopal visitation. He attended, during the summer and autumn of 1832, the conferences of Pittsburg, Ohio, Kentucky, and Holstein. He traveled always on horseback, in a very plain and primitive manner. Whenever he had a day or two of leisure, in any village along his route, he would spend the time in organizing a Sunday school, a missionary society, or in some other way useful to the people and the Church.

The latter part of the year 1833 he started on his second tour. He rode on horseback from Baltimore to the seat of his first conference, at Natchez, a distance of twelve hundred miles, in fifty days. During this tour, which continued six months, and compassed about three thousand miles, he attended the Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina conferences, and made several excursions to places of interest along the line of his regular route.

During the autumn of 1834 he made a pastoral excursion through the peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, and through the lower counties of the western shore of Maryland.

In 1835, from February till September, he was employed in attending the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New England, New Hampshire, Maine, Troy, Oneida, and Genesee conferences.

In the autumn he returned to the residence he had prepared for his family at Reisterstown, a few miles west of Baltimore. On the 16th of December, 1835, he left home early in the morning, in a light, open carriage, for Baltimore. About two miles from his residence he had to descend a hill, nearly a mile in length. The carriage was seen, as it was said, about daylight, passing rapidly by a tavern near the top of the hill. In about twenty minutes a waggoner, passing down the hill, found, about two hundred yards below the tavern, the Bishop, lying bleeding and insensible by the roadside. It

appears that his horse had run away with him, and that he had been thrown from his carriage, and had fallen with the back of his head on a stone, which had fractured his skull. He was taken up and carried to the tavern. Medical aid was called, his family and friends gathered around him, but the injury proved fatal. Lingerer insensible till evening, he expired. On the ensuing Sabbath his funeral was attended at the Eutaw-Street Church in Baltimore, and he was laid to rest in the vault beneath the pulpit, where he yet sleeps by the side of the great and good Asbury.

Bishop Emory was married in 1813 to Miss Caroline Sellers, of Hillsboro, Md. In 1815 she died, leaving an infant son. In 1818 he was united in marriage to his second wife, Miss Ann Wright, of Queen Ann's county, Md. Five children, the eldest about twenty-one years, and the youngest only a few weeks old, were left orphans at his death. That eldest—Robert Emory, afterward President of Dickinson College—was a young man of rare promise, fully equal, perhaps superior to his father. After a very brief but most brilliant career, he died, leaving the world wondering why two such men, father and son, so distinguished, so great, so good, should die so soon.

THE DYING ORPHAN.

—
BY W. COWPER WILLIAMS.

"Kiss me, sister, for I'm dying!
Death's cold hand is on my brow;
Soon my spirit will be flying
From this world of pain and woe.
I would gladly tarry with thee,
Sister mine, and share thy lot;
But Heaven calls me now to leave thee
For a home where pain comes not.
There I'll meet our dearest mother,
Waiting for her ransom'd boy;
There I'll kiss our little brother
With the wildest pulse of joy.
Sister, tho' thou wilt be lonely,
There is One who'll watch thee still;
And if in him thou wilt only
Trust, he will shield thee from all ill.

Dimmer grows the ling'ring glory
Of the sun on yonder steep,
And e'er nightfall mantles o'er me,
Sister mine, I'll be asleep.

I am going! my spirit's moving
Out this sickly house of clay;
Farewell, sister, kind and loving!
Heaven beckons me away."

Calm and peaceful fled the spirit
Of the little orphan boy,
Borne to climes of brightness, where it
Drinks from ceaseless springs of joy.

MY BLESSINGS.

—
BY PHEBE CAREY.

GREAT WAVES of plenty rolling up
Their golden billows to our feet,
Fields where the ungathered rye is white,
Or heavy with the yellow wheat;
Wealth surging inward from the sea,
And plenty through our land abroad;
With sunshine resting over all,
That everlasting smile of God!

For these, yet not for these alone,
My tongue its gratitude would say:
All the great blessings of my life
Are present in my thought to-day;

For more than all my mortal wants
Have been, O God, thy full supplies—
Health, shelter, and my daily bread,
For these my grateful thanks arise.

For ties of faith, whose wondrous strength
Time nor eternity can part;
For all the words of love that fall
Like living waters on my heart;

For even that fearful strife, where sin
Was conquered and subdued at length,
Temptations met and overcome,
Whereby my soul has gathered strength;

For all the warnings that have come
From mortal agony or death;
For even that bitterest storm of life
Which drove me on the rock of faith.

For all the past I thank thee, God!
And for the future trust in thee,
Whate'er of trial or blessing yet,
Asked or unasked, thou hast for me.

Yet only this one boon I crave—
After life's brief and fleeting hour,
Make my beloved thy beloved,
And keep us in thy day of power!

LIGHT AND LOVE.

—
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOVERNOOK."

LIGHT waits for us in heaven—inspiring thought,
That when the darkness all is overpast,
That beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our saved souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe;
The Spirit and the word assure us so.

Love lives for us in heaven—O not so sweet
Is the May-dew which mountain flowers inclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnowed wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery rising of these two twin stars!

BURIED IN THE OCEAN ISLE.

BY AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

"When Death's dark mystery is unsealed."

HASKINS.

THE roughness of our billow life had for a time given place to the welcome quietness and repose of port. Our sea-homes lay floating in their oaken strength and majesty on the bosom of a harbor where all nations stop in their highway over the mighty Atlantic. St. Helena cast up her hights, smiling in their very ruggedness and desolation, and, in the style of caress to the deep, threw her arms of land about the anchorage-spot on which, as if the seamen of many nations were brothers, veritable and true, our vessels lay. On this pile of rocks heaved up out of the sea the English genius of war has come from the bruises and batterings of many a field of blood, and brought his greatest spoil, and laid it down in a lone grave-site; while France comes to the tomb of her greatest hero and her bloody shame, and drops her tears of impotent regret.

It was in such an hour of quiet and enjoyment that another ship appeared among us. We immediately knew the stranger to be in distress; for her colors were carried at half-mast. These tokens sent the wail of a silent eloquence to the heart of every one who looked upon them; for they spoke either of danger or of death, which solicited the attention and sympathy of others. Nor were we long in suspense. As soon as the stranger had come to anchor, a messenger urgently dispatched ashore announced that the new arrival was a Dutch ship, bound home to Holland, and had put into port for the purpose of burying her dead, accompanied with a polite invitation to all shipmasters in port to attend the solemnity.

It is a circumstance of grave import, at any time, on the deep, for a sailor to be suddenly summoned to the side of the plank or the bier, to aid in the burial of the dead; but specially so when he is resting from the toils of his sea-life of ardors, with his canvas furled, and his vessel riding safely at anchor in some friendly harbor. It is then that his sailor-heart is profoundly moved, as a paralysis comes, as if cast by the hand of magic, over his hour devoted to gayety or repose, and he is commanded, as by the imperative mandate of irresistible Providence, to pause and drop his anchor beside the bier of the dead. The grave comes near to him then, and he holds reluctant communion with its innumerable hosts, and hears its measured tones addressed to him, in warning of his last voyage among its slumbering myriads.

There was an air of sad, romantic interest thrown over the entire event of the stranger's advent among us; and it was highly proper it should be so. He had come from the regions of the east, bound home to Holland, bringing a governor and his family

from the East India possessions of the Dutch, whither they had been absent for several years. The Governor's family had consisted of four persons—himself and his wife, a maiden attendant of about eighteen years, and an only daughter of the same age. They were now on their return to the bosom of their native land, to enjoy once more the society of that dear and early home of which they had been so long denied. High hopes moved them as a brief lapse of days would fulfill their largest anticipation; and the beautiful daughter was far from being the smallest sharer in these visions of future felicity. About three days before they raised the Island of St. Helena, this only daughter had been taken away, in the highest bloom of youth, by the all-conquering sword of Death, and the parents had come to lay their earthly treasure to rest on British soil.

The shipmasters all repaired by their several ways to the shore, and there met the funeral array of the stranger ship. Four strong sons of the ocean took up the bier, as if it had contained a weary invalid sleeper, embraced in a sweet slumber which they feared to disturb, and bore it up the declivity; but there was a veil of sadness on their weather-traced features, and a tear in their eyes. It was nine in the morning, and the Island City was profoundly moved by this sudden and magic appearance of the tokens of bereavement in their streets. The procession moved from the pier up the ascent to the edifice of the Church of England, which stood some distance from the margin of the harbor. Many an eye looked on that funeral pageant, as it passed up to the house of God, with mournful interest, and the stanch English sentinel turned his weapon in sign of sad reverence.

Large numbers entered the place of worship together, who had come from many different nations, and bowed lowly at a common shrine of the dead. The spectator who looked in upon those worshippers, did he not know the true record of history, would scarcely divine that the diverse nations represented there had, within two hundred years, pointed the murderous cannon at each other, or strove fiercely and bloodily on the field of battle affray with sword in hand, or shattered and destroyed each other's fleets, or wasted each other's fair and peaceful cottage glebes, or sought, amid the mysterious labyrinths of diplomacy, to wrest from each other the scepter of empire, or take the palm of commercial supremacy. But here they stood and knelt in the name of universal manhood. All felt as men should feel when, in fraternal sympathy, they drink of that cup of tears which is yet, by an irreversible decree of our being, to bathe the lips of the proudest, and the gayest, and the strongest. The soldier, the sailor, the citizen, and the civil functionary alike gave an obedient ear to that touching burial service for which the ritual of the Church of England is distinguished.

While this sad office was being performed over the dust of the young and the beautiful, we all felt

the yearning of the heart for help beyond that of the strongest created arm. The spirit hovers near to an invisible something, struggles like the bird of Jove with the might of the tempest, but is satisfied with nothing short of the arm of Omnipotence. The chant and voice of sacred song, the accents of plaintive prayer, the speech of submissive counsel and admonition, commingled with the muffled notes of bereavement, and gently prepared us to lay away one of the fairest of flowers in the damp mansion of the grave.

When this duty at the temple of God had been performed, we again formed in procession to carry one more trust of clay to the silent place of urns and of monuments. Four young ladies, among whom was the disconsolate playfellow of the departed, shining in her beauty and her tears, and attired in the drapery of death, walked at the four corners of the bier, each holding a tassel, which tipped a cord of black coming down in a graceful curve from the pall. Close in the rear of these came the parents of that fair blossom which had been so rudely shaken from its place, bent in drops of anguish and in unassuaged sorrow for their blighted hope. Many came from their island-homes to look on the woe of these strangers of rank and fortune, and to shed their tribute of sympathy with the bereaved, and, when other years have rolled along their tides of events and fortunes, when native lands have taken back their own, to narrate to the eager listener the burial in their ocean isle of the fair Holland daughter. Then followed the captains of the vessels of different nations then in port, among whom were several Americans—all forming a line of interesting and worthy men, thinking, doubtless, as they walked along, of homes far away, in which, during their months and years of absence from thence, what the hand of the destroyer might have wrought—how fathomless desolation might, perhaps, reign where household comforts abode when last at home.

We came to the place for the burial of the dead. We beheld the open cell, where the young and beautiful must be laid away from the human eye, to molder and waste away to ultimate atoms. The bier was lowered to the ground, and the earth took its treasure home. The captain of the Holland ship laid off his hat, took up a spade, and cast in three spadefuls of earth on the coffin-lid; the mate, after his example, threw in two spadefuls; and the second mate one—and the work was done. The father bared his head, and gave utterance to his gratitude to those strangers who had so kindly assisted him to bury his cherished one. Once more those parents leaned over the narrow earth-bed of their child, they uttered low and plaintive words of farewell to her, and left her alone, far from the graves of her kindred. A multitude of forms stood waiting on that elevation, in solemn quiet, while their eye traced the path of the departed procession as it descended to the pier, and followed the watery way of the boats to the stranger ship, and

ceased not their gaze till she bore away on her sad voyage homeward, still bearing her colors at half-mast.

Many years have now gone over my head since the event of which I speak; but the scenes are as fresh as if they had transpired but a season since. I still think of the gentle sleeper, so early laid in the ever-keeping mansion of the grave, and that, too, in the very highest hopes which that daughter had ever entertained; again I look on that parental woe, still unrelieved, save by the kind attentions of the stranger; and then my mind is busy with its own reflections upon the visitations of death among the circle most dear of earth to me; but I wake to find all of mine yet spared by such a profusion of providential mercies as rarely fall to the lot of veteran sons of the ocean.

GENIUS AND WORK.

If you would rise, *work*. Don't trust genius, nor wish for and wait on fortune. Take hold of labor with strong heart and steady hand. God shapes his providence to help those that help themselves. A modern lecturer has some pertinent and forcible illustrations of this sentiment, as follows: "Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and the book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall here that class of grumblers and wishers who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are, while they should have been employed in advancing themselves. These bitterly moralize upon the injustice of society. Do they want a change? Let them change: who prevents them? If you are as high as your faculties will permit you to rise in the scale of society, why should you complain of men? It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead him, or be silent! If you have capacity for a higher station, take it: what hinders you? How many men would love to go to sleep and wake up Rothschilds or Astors! How many men would fain go to bed dunces to be waked up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunce-seed, vice-seed, laziness-seed, usually get a crop. They that sow the wind, reap a whirlwind. A man of mere 'capacity undeveloped' is only an organized day-dream with the skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk-wood. We have Scripture for it that a 'living dog is better than a dead lion.' If you would go up, go; if you would be seen, shine. At the present day, eminent position in any profession is the result of hard, unwearied labor. Men can no longer fly at one dash into eminent position. They have got to hammer it out by steady and rugged blows. The world is no longer clay, but rather iron, true and veritable iron, in the hands of its workers."

A LEGEND OF LOVE.

BY ALICE CARRY.

TRULY, all things are beautiful in their time. Even Death, whom poets have made hideous for ages, painting him as a skeleton reaper who cuts down the tender flowers and the ripe grain alike, binding them into bundles for his dark garner, heedless of tears and prayers, is sometimes clothed with the wings and the mercy of an angel.

Through this still messenger "God giveth his beloved sleep." How pleasant to the old and the worn to give all their burdens into his hands, to lay by the staff and lie down beneath flowers, assured that even through the night of the grave the morning will break!

Thrice pleasant to the old who feel assured of having fought the good fight, who feel beneath the touch of death their white locks brightening with the crown of immortality. They have done their work, and only death can lead them up to hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

To the little child that has never sinned death comes like a beautiful sleep, and through the long bright ages the Tempter stands baffled. Only the monster's chill hands could have gathered the white robe of purity from the dust—only through the narrow and dark path of the grave could the tender feet have escaped the thorns—only to the bed which is low and cold the delirium of passion and the torture of pain may never come; so to the little child death is very beautiful.

One of the loveliest pictures that ever rises before me—and I see it now as I write—is that of one whose little life was early "rounded by a sleep"—that sleep which had in it the "rapture of repose" that nothing could disturb. Moaning and complaining she had lain for days, and we who loved her most could not help her, though she bent her mournfully beseeching eyes upon us never so tenderly and imploringly. But when the writhing and distortion of anguish were gone, and death gave to her cheek its beauty and to her lips the old smile—when the strife was finished, and she was at rest from the enemy, as we had thought him, the grim terror fell away. Lovely in her life she had been, and death transformed her to an angel.

And even to sinners the king of terrors is beautiful in his time; and they who see the exit from time to eternity are forced to say, "Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving life." Looking back over the ruins they have made of life's beauty, the friends they have changed into foes, the love they have warped into hatred, one agonized moment of repentance has stretched itself up to God's mercy, and, in the light streaming from the cross, has sounded the voice that said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee!"

O, what divine beauty covers the darkness that is before and around such an one! How blessed to

go with the friend who has come for them down into the grave—away from the reproachful eyes—away from the haughty and reviling words—away from the gentle rebuking of the injured, hardest of all to bear—away, away from the murmurs and complaints of a troubled conscience! Death to such is beautiful.

Whatever is dreariest in nature or saddest in life may yet, in its time, be beautiful: winter with its naked boughs and bitter winds, and masses of snow and of clouds.

Poverty, with whom we none of us voluntarily mate ourselves, has given birth to the sweetest humanities of life—at least to some of the sweetest. Its toils and privations have linked hand with hand, joined shoulder to shoulder, and knit heart to heart; and the armies of the poor are those who fight with the most indomitable courage, and like dust before the tempest are driven the obstacles that oppose their march. Is it not the strength of their sinews that warps the rough iron into the ax and the sickle? And do not the wheat-fields stand smiling and the hearth-light reach out from cabin to cabin in their wake?

Poverty is the pioneer about whose glowing forges and crashing forests burns and rings half the poetry that has filled the world.

Many are the pleasant pipes and oaten garlands that would be thrown aside if the reign of affluence were universal; and many are the gentle oxen that would go from their plowing in the meadows to herd in wild droves, but for the necessities of men. True, the burdens of the poor are heavy, and their tasks hard; but it has always seemed to me that in their humble homes and solitary by-paths there is a pathos and a tenderness in love that is not found any where else.

And this brings me to a legend which I read a long time ago; and though I can not pretend to repeat the precise words, I remember the main points, and will transcribe from memory as accurately as I can, having first told you how and where I chanced to read it.

Many years ago, remote from cities and villages, there lived, in a humble home, a very poor family. How or why I chanced to be there matters not, but I was, and the oldest among a group of five children. Two little girls and three boys there were, the children of poor parents, as I said. It was midwinter, and a stormy time; for since sunrise the snow had been falling, and now the twilight was coming on. But it was not a time to be sad, though the snow-shower fell never so thickly. On the contrary, we had not been so jocund and blithe for many a day; not half so glad were we when we broke the ears of yellow corn out of their silver-white husks, nor when we piled the oat-sheaves into circles of golden cones—not even when we filled our laps with ripe nuts, as the rough winds of November shook them loose from their black hulls.

And one of the causes of our gladness was this:

visitors were coming to pass the evening from the distant city; and Aunt Charity, for so I will call the good woman under whose care I was, had many little preparations in hand. And as we now and then ran out to cool the twisted doughnuts she gave us in the snow, how should we help laughing! No daintiest confections now could equal those simple cakes.

The hickory logs crackled and blazed in the deep, wide fire place, and red showers of sparks bent like rainbows out from the chimney, and dropped off in black sprinkles on to the snow that lay level and white all about the yard. With ridges of snow on their backs, the cattle turned their faces away from the storm; and all the limbs of the trees, the well-sweep, and every thing we could see, were heavy with the drifts they held. The stackyard was like a cluster of white pyramids.

Flattening our faces against the window-panes, we watch the strange shapes which all these familiar objects assumed, chattering the while in the wildest glee. Now and then a great sled went plowing along the road, carrying a family of father, mother, and children, wrapped in coverlids and sunken in straw—going to town or visiting, perhaps. The horses prancing and snorting—their manes tossing gaily under the storm—and the children laughing aloud. Very still and swiftly they glided forward; for no strings of bells hung about the necks of the horses, and the sleds moved softly.

There were but two rooms in the cottage of Aunt Charity, one above the other; and these, with a porch, about which she planted vines in summertime, and where she sometimes spread the dinner-table, were all the house she had. The room on the ground-floor was warm and comfortable; the walls were plastered; and though there was no carpet on the floor nor curtains at the windows to make it snug and genial, in the deep fireplace the logs were always aglow, so in the winter the place looked cheerful.

Here, too, the furniture mostly was; and rude and scanty as it was, it helped to make the place homelike. But, after all, it was, perhaps, Aunt Charity herself, and not the bright tin coffee-pot, nor the glistening delf, nor table, nor chairs, that gave the cheerfulness to this apartment.

Beside the fireplace was a brick oven, built half within the jamb, and half projecting outside the house. Here bread and pies were baking for the expected guests.

A narrow winding stair, running over this oven, conducted to the upper room, which was simply an unfinished garret. The walls were unplastered, and in all ways it was cheerless and uncomfortable; for it had no furnishing, if I except the hanks of flax that hung against the rafters, and the garments, either too old or too new to wear, that were suspended from pegs.

Two little square windows and a small fireplace the room contained, but no chairs—nothing to make it habitable. Nevertheless, when Aunt Charity

said, "You make a fire up stairs to-night, children!" it was like the dawning upon us of some blessed vision; and regardless of the cold and the storm, we plunged, like divers, beneath the snow for chips and splinters to kindle the larger wood.

Very damp the chimney was, for there had never been fire there but once or twice; so we had much difficulty in getting up any blaze; and when we did they were only slim, blue flames, that shot up for a moment, and then curled back, and quivered, and went out. But we were not easily discouraged; and arranged and rearranged our wet and smouldering fabric, and blew with our breath as lustily as though our lives depended upon it.

If it only would burn, we should have such a nice time; for the little visitors would come up, and we would have our separate joys.

Ah, me! I have known many disappointments since then, many of greater moment; but that was very sad, for it taught me what I had never known before—distrust.

Many were the pans of coals we brought from the ample heap below, many the blazing embers, and great the expenditure of breath, before the lurid and unsteady light began to illumine our low chamber. But perseverance is almost the certain way to success; and at last it proved effective with us, and our faces glowed in the warm, rosy light. True, the snow had drifted under the eaves, and lay on the floor in streaks and patches here and there; but what cared we for that, as we made a circle about the hearth, and devised plans and pleasures for the evening.

An hour or more the night had been brooding over the world, when a merry jingle of bells caused the breaking up of our little circle in great haste. The visitors were come. Hurriedly we ran below to meet and give them welcome. Our expectations were wrought to the highest pitch; for the guests were an aunt and three little cousins from the city, twenty miles distant—Mrs. Dolittle and her children. We had never seen them; but had been told so much of them by Aunt Charity, that we fancied them the most perfect and lovable people in the world.

A good many years it had been since the sisters had seen each other; for though previously to their marriage they had never been separated, that event had divided their interests, and they had grown apart to an extent of which they were by no means aware till they met. The interval of separation had been passed by the one in obscure poverty and sorrow—a series of struggles and misfortunes had overtaken her, and the snow was falling that night upon the grave of her husband; and by the other in easy affluence and gayety.

Scarcely more dazzled and bewildered were the wild children of the forest, when De Soto, with his gorgeous array of banners and soldiery, overshadowed their wigwams on the banks of the majestic Mississippi, and, with all the effect of crozier, and

missal, and priest, took possession in the name of the king.

Poor Aunt Charity! between grief and joy, she sunk into a chair, and sobbed out; but Mrs. Dolittle was quite calm and self-possessed; and after a hasty glance, that seemed to take in every thing, drew near the fire, and began unbundling, from their muffs, furs, and tippets, the slips of aristocracy that called her "Ma."

"This aint Aunt Charity's," said the boy, squirming out of her hands. "I won't have my cloak off in this ugly old place."

"Hush!" said the mother; and in a whisper she added, "As soon as we get warm, and eat our supper, we will go away."

"Is Aunt Charity a washerwoman?" continued the boy, looking at her askance. "She has got her sleeves rolled up."

"Just hear the child," said the mother, appealing to the husband, a bluff, consequential-looking man, who, without having removed gloves or overcoat, sat directly in front of the fire, and both laughed heartily.

The girls, who were dressed in short, bright frocks, and had long, shining curls dropping over their plump, white shoulders, were, as yet, more quiet.

And we poor children, huddling together on the stair-step, felt as if in the presence of a superior of beings; so much is modest ignorance awed by the appendages and assumptions of wealth. We had quite forgotten our fire-lighted chamber, where an hour ago we were dreaming such bright, bright dreams.

"O, never mind, Charity," said Mrs. Dolittle, in a tone more petulant than kindly, as Master Marmon made an exploring expedition from cupboard to bureau, commenting freely as he went; now stamping his boot with an exclamation of wonderment at the bare floor, and now at the narrow beds and little pillows, which he said were not large enough for Laura's doll. He soon discovered, however, that which, for a short time, effectually closed his mouth, in the shape of a plate of warm doughnuts, which, covered with a napkin, were cooling for supper.

"Greediness," said the mamma, as he quickly devoured one after another, "why don't you share your cakes with the rest of us?" And without making any apology, except to say to Aunt Charity, "I always did like your cakes so well," the nice doughnuts speedily disappeared.

We poor children that scarcely ever saw cakes before, had only each eaten one, and Aunt Charity had not even tasted them.

A little talk of other days, but restrained and formal, began at last between the sisters; while the gentleman, with one foot resting against the jamb, and caressing the other knee, smoked a cigar; and we children began to make some overtures toward an acquaintance with the little folks. At length, under the inducement of getting nuts and apples,

we persuaded them up stairs; but it only increased our discomfiture.

"Where shall we sit?" asked the little ladies; and hastily the country cousins took from the pegs their best gowns, and spread them on the floor, by way of cushions, saying meekly, "We don't have any chairs up stairs." The wood had burned to embers, and the light was dim, and, without knowing hardly why, we hesitated to kindle the flame; but when asked where our lamp was, we added fresh fuel, and blew up a blaze.

O, how, in one little hour, the glory of our chamber had departed! And for what? The pert manners and gaudy dress of three children no whit better or wiser than we. But how could we feel this, especially when they told us of the handsome furnishing of their play-room at home, and asked if we had no better dresses than those we then wore, adding their ma had dressed them in the very ugliest old things they had to come to the country. Our smoothly-ironed flannel gowns had looked so pretty when we put them on, and now how bungling and despicable they appeared. How they dazzled us with accounts of the splendor of their homes, and how they mortified us by comments about our humble abode.

Feeling how little we could do for their entertainment, who were used to so much, we redoubled our exertions, bringing nuts and apples, tying a swing to the rafters, and exhibiting all the little treasures of dried mosses and curious stones we had, for their amusement.

The fruits we did not taste ourselves; and as for the swing, it was monopolized by our visitors; and when we had wearied our arms for their pleasure, they made no offers to reciprocate our favors. Neither would they join in any sports we suggested; they didn't know any thing about such country ways of playing. And when we asked them to propose something, it was that we should all pretend to be horses, and they ride on our backs! This was a little beyond our calculations; and the cheeks of some of us flushed red, as we coldly declined.

An awkward silence followed; and hearing the clatter of dishes below, our visitors shortly after abruptly left us.

Thus deserted, we made a ring about the hearth again, and, in homely but honest sympathy, entered into a sort of general condolence.

For myself, I said the least, and cried the most. For even now I am not ashamed to confess that I wept long and bitterly; and it was not till my good little playmates kissed me over and over, and repeatedly told me how much they loved me, that I would be comforted. Something, too, perhaps, the spirit which kindled under the admonition I received not to care for the little prouidies, nor any body else like them, helped to dry my tears.

Sundry lofty resolutions I made, as I sat before the fire in that low, comfortless chamber. Some of them have been kept, and others, in the larger

experiences of life, long ago lost all their power. But whenever Memory plows from the dust that has gathered over the humiliation and sorrow of that night, something of the old feeling is renewed.

No more play or laughter was to be thought of that night; and being the oldest, I was desired to tell a story for the amusement of the rest, as I had often done before.

But my imagination was choked with sobs so that I could not draw from that source; so climbing to a shelf of books, hung by cords near the roof, and covered with dust and cobwebs, I selected a torn and worn little volume that I never saw before nor since, from which, having heaped the embers together, I read the subjoined legend:

Once upon a time there lived in a beautiful and opulent city a very great lady. The rich furnishings of her house were like a palace, and her dress vied with that of queens in splendor. Indeed, there is no describing the magnificence of the robes in which she every day attired herself—purple, and crimson, and blue, with broideries and hems of gold.

Paintings of the most renowned masters hung upon her walls, and the white beauty of statuary gleamed from the niches along the halls. Poets sat dreaming in the shadows of the oaks that grew in the court-yard, making verses in her honor; and musicians, with viol and harp, played while she slept. In short, there was scarcely any thing excellent or beautiful in the world that her taste and munificence had not brought within the four walls of her palace.

Many visitors came to the great house; and though all were abundantly obsequious and flattering to the proud mistress, among all the gay throngs that praised her beauty and envied her riches, not one seemed to love her. So, after all, her life was one of desolate grandeur. But when worn and oppressed with cares of her great possessions, she sought neither the solace nor companionship of any of the joyous and light-hearted multitude about her, but drew herself apart in haughty silence, crushing back the tears, if any rose; for certain it is none ever dimmed her eyes.

Sometimes in these moods of unrest she called her musicians to play, and when they had exhausted all their sweetest melodies, no whit soothed or comforted, she sent them away with gifts very precious, and with cold and soulless thanks sometimes; but for these last they felt little grateful.

Then she would summon to her presence the poets, who lived upon her bounty, and, sitting apart from them and above them, she would order them to repeat their divinest poems; but the while they praised her comely face and liberal hands, their thoughts strayed away to some gentle and loving damsel, who milked the goats in the shadow of her mother's cabin, and crowned her loose curls with roses from the fields; for such an one gave inspiration to their rapsodies, and not the proud lady who heard the recitations. So when they

had exhausted their selectest stores, she gave them gifts, but with no jot of comfort in her bosom.

All costly viands and dainty confections were brought her by handmaids, on services of silver, and pearl, and gold; but the humblest peasant in the land ate his coarse bread with a zest that she had not for new honey in the comb, or sparkling cream mixed with ice.

One bright summer day she arose from the gorgeous bed whereon, with maidens fanning her, telling stories and legends the while, she had lain for hours, and passing through long galleries, and spacious halls, and rooms dim with excess of splendor, stood in the open light.

Down the far avenue, hemmed with flowers and overhung with trees, she beheld a little child, with bright, mournful eyes, peering between the iron bars of the gate that fenced the winding walks and level sward from the vulgar tread; and with a staid and stately step, as if enacting some long foregone conclusion, and not as though with a sudden and kindly impulse, she moved in the direction of the little castaway; for she seemed a beggar's child. When near enough, the proud lady spoke on this wise:

"Outcast, would you like to exchange your loathsome rags for gay appareling like mine? would you like to give your hard bed for a cushion of down, canopied with scarlet and violet, and every day fare like a princess? Speak, and tell me if you would."

The little girl, whose name was Humania, trembled, and would have turned away, but the stately dame seized her by the arm, and compelled her to answer—at the same time showing her the beautiful grounds and flowers, and the palace gleaming through the trees afar.

Humania was bewildered with such shows of splendor, and, dropping her eyes even below the hem of the lady's robe, she answered meekly, that she would like to be fine, and sleep under a canopy of scarlet and violet very much, indeed.

"This, then, is your home. While I live you shall be my child, and when I die you shall be heir to all my possessions. In your ears and about your neck I will hang jewels, and among your curls I will sink gems; your robes shall be bordered with lace and roses by my needle-women; so that they who see you shall turn away for very envy."

And turning the great rusty key, the poor beggar-girl became rich. But her heart misgave her sadly when she saw that her fate was irrevocably fixed, and she looked to the dusty highway with longing eyes; for the strange woman seemed not moved by real kindness, but rather by some sudden whim.

She did not take the child's hand, nor speak any more, but walked before her up the long avenue with the same stately step with which she had descended.

Beautiful suits of apartments were assigned to the child, maidens were appointed to attend her,

and all her slightest wishes were instantly gratified; and the charm of the splendor and luxury made her, for a time, quite happy.

But when it was known that she was to be the heir of the brave palace and all its beautiful treasures, the prediction of the great lady was fulfilled, and her people would not look upon the child for envy. Then her heart grew heavy, and, moaning and sighing to herself, she sat alone in her lofty chambers, and lay all the night weary upon the cushion of down; for in the shadows of the tapestry of scarlet and violet there was no magic to weigh her eyelids into sleep.

After awhile the gay multitudes began to diminish, and the poets and the musicians grew careless, and came slowly to their lady's call. "Now," exclaimed the lady, her heart full of indignation, "I will not be flouted thus!" And forthwith she dismissed from her palace all the people whom her bounty had fed; and as they went out from her presence, she neither wept nor smiled.

So she and Humania dwelt alone; but she gave the child no caresses nor sweet words with the wealth she lavished upon her. In truth, her hands were like marble to the warm bosom of Humania, and her words, when she smiled, like icicles glittering in the moonlight.

But not long they dwelt alone. A pallor and a sickness fell upon the proud lady, and her steps went feebly along the rich carpets, and her eyes became dizzy with pain. Many physicians ministered to her; but she grew none the better for their drugs. One reputed of great wisdom came from a far country among the rest; but her disease baffled his skill, and he returned mournfully to his home.

By the bed of her mistress Humania watched day and night; but she seemed not to notice her. Indeed, the end drew very near. All the more dreary seemed the place for the grandeur, now desolate; and, terrified, the child ran forth to call some help.

At the gate stood an old woman; and as the child approached her, she knew her for a simple herbalist, who had done much good in the world. And when she knew how the great lady lay sick, she followed silently till they reached the bedside; and when she had looked down upon her for a moment, she shook her head. Afterward, pressing her hands close on the bosom of the woman, she turned away mournfully, and packed again the herbs which had been gathered under the new moon and out of the midnight dew, saying, "My art is powerless here. Of a surety, the lady must die; she has no heart."

And the child did not weep; but, awe-stricken and afraid, drew near her patroness, and watched, till the life-tide ebbed, and left her, stark and rigid, on the black shore of death.

"Now," said the herbalist, "it were good that she be quickly buried from our sight. Faleth all this treasure to you?" and she placed her hand on the child's head; who answered,

"No, verily. Often she promised it to me; but that is all; and she is dead."

"Be it scattered then to the four winds of heaven," said the woman. "Let us go."

And pressing the child's hand warmly within her own, she brought her to her house—a small cottage without the city. It was night as they approached, and through the window shone the red light of the hearth, and the merry faces of children peered from the door. The board was spread, and the child was weary with the walk, so the food tasted sweet. As sleep oppressed her, the good woman laid her on a little white bed, smelling of roses; and as a soft atmosphere of content closed about her, she kissed the cheek of the woman who bent above her, asking her name. And when she knew that it was Mercy Love, she fell sweetly asleep, and the scarlet and violet tapestry were pale to the color of her dreams.

Just as I finished my story, Aunt Charity called us to supper. The great people were gone, and the happiness they had interrupted came back to us, and Aunt Charity smiled again.

I O N E.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

SHE is most at home in the deep, dim wood—
In the untrodden paths of the solitude;
And often we've watch'd as she fearless stood
On the towering crags of the ledges rude.

She is not alone;
The clear rills echo her innocent glee,
The bright birds join in her carol free,
And th' sweet-voiced winds in the thick-leaved tree
Bless the child, Ione.

Floral buds like gems are set
In the hollows bright with dew;
Where the timid violet
Hides its cup of heavenly blue,
There is seen the silky bloom
Of the crimson forest rose,
And from out the heathy broom
Peeps the spotless lily's snows.

She sometimes roves
Through th' cultured groves,
And notes their rich artistic loveliness,
The trees and fountains all,
The walks symmetrical;
But ever turns with longing tenderness
To the wild buds that deck the wilderness:
There the infinite God
Has framed the rough mountain, has fashioned the
flower

To gem the green sod;
All speak of his wondrous unlimited power;
The dark, wild forest is hyming his praise,
And the little child joins in the beautiful lays.

A WINTER FIRESIDE GOSSIP.

WRITTEN IN OUR LIBRARY.

BY JAMES PUMMILL.

THE man of contemplative mind beholds the approach of "the dark and gloomy season" with a kind of complacency. The silence of the woodland is exchanged without reluctance for the silence of the comfortable library. The perusal of nature's self is yielded up for the perusal of the works of those intellectual beings who loved nature to the fullest, and who infused her divinest qualities into verse. While we pore over the glad creations of these poet-magicians, winter is despoiled of all its "gloom," and is suffused with life and beauty. Let the storm beat ever so wildly, we may revel in the warmth of spring, gather the full-blown roses of summer, and pluck the liberal fruits of autumn, without stirring our feet from the warm fireside. Such is the pleasure afforded by contemplative reading. To the virtuous and reflective man winter is never gloomy. All seasons imbue his heart with peace and love. In spring he finds ever-variable gratification in the opening buds, in the songs of the fresh-hearted birds, in the mutable drapery of the skies. In summer the cool retreats of the forest, where the heat comes not, and the uncomplaining rivulets prattle their innocent joy, furnish him with nameless delights. In autumn the fruits, and the motley woods, and the indescribable sunsets, teach him lessons of wisdom, and direct his attention forever to the great and good Giver. And when winter,

"Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,"

comes upon him, his mind is not yet cast down. Sees he not a blessing in every storm that shakes the sky? Hears he not in the hurricane the glad voice of his God, seeming to tell him that from the heaviest and most direful tempests the calmest and purest sunshine must ultimately spring? The wise man looks upon all the movements of nature as ordained for the kindest purposes; and this reflection is not without its pleasures.

We would not have the season of winter erased from the calendar for the best book we ever read; and that, considering our excessive fondness for books, is saying much more than the reader may, perhaps, imagine. O, forsooth! we dote on this jolly Winter, with his blustering, wheezing breath, and his playful fingers, with which he tweaks our nose till it emulates a coal of fire. He brings with him the social book and the happy fireside—the most pleasant companions in the world! He brings on the long, cheerless winter evenings—the sportive hours for children, the reflective hours for the more mature.

Well do we recollect those good, old winters we used to spend in the country. Then the huge fireplace occupied almost the whole of one side of the house; and we always loved to watch the fire, as it

curled around the big logs, and hugged them gleefully, and flung its expanding fervor on every side. What peace and contentment dwelt within the circle of the generous blaze! Many a pleasant romp had we then with lads and lasses of light hearts, who have long since been swept from our sight. The coal fire in our solitary library here grows dim as we think of those times; and the winter wind which moans without seems laden with the voices of the far-away and dead. But why should we be gloomy? There are yet pleasant faces and cheering voices in the world, go where we will, to greet us, and fill our hearts with sunshine. Our coal fire, though it may bear no comparison with the roaring and crackling fire of old, is a cheerful one, and has that bright sparkle which is so welcome to the solitaire in his library. We love its quiet, companionable chatter; and again and again, these dreary nights, as we pull our chair up to it, and rub our hands in its joyful light, a feeling of gratitude—the purest incense of the heart—goes up to Heaven, that we are thus blessed. An interesting companion does our coal fire become when we are tired with reading, and cast our eyes upon it. The coals there make quaint images to our drowsy eyes. We see the faint and grim faces of monkey-men, who chatter at us wickedly, and wink at us familiarly, and leer at us impudently, as if they were striving to have sport at our expense. Then suddenly their countenances assume an astonishing solemnity, and seem to glide gradually away, till, in the far, far distance, they grow indistinct, or are lost amid a thousand other images, that gather, with strange and frightful contortions, around them. All this time the wind is scolding the chimney-pots and trees with unrelenting fierceness. But we heed it not. The trees writhe, and the chimney-pots sometimes tumble to the earth in agony; but it harms us not. Let it scold on. While the glowing coals are singing their warm monotony in our ears, we feel too luxuriously indolent to look out and pity the victims of the storm.

Presently we retire to bed. How quiet our slumbers are in the cold winter night, and how pleasing the dreams! Then what a pleasure it is in the morning to behold the quaint devices which the artistic Jack Frost hath penciled upon the window-panes! Beautiful groves, and quiet streams, stealing along, away in the distance, like silver-embossed snakes, are there; and misshapen ruins; and old men, with short bodies and miraculously long legs, striding over rivers, and forests, and ruins, as if they were the genii of the miniature world of frost-work. *Sic transit!* Behold them fading before the magic radiance of the sun—river, and forest, and ruin—and the long-limbed genii gradually disappearing, as naturally as if they were only walking out to enjoy the winter morning!

"Such is the pastime of the happy mind!"

Shall we repeat an idea before suggested? Winter is far from being, in our estimation, an unpleasant season. If it is so, as many peevish bards

have asserted, we certainly have never discovered the fact—our hilarity, in the winter evenings, always being of a rapturous nature. Our sage philosophers of song may hug themselves in their joyless wisdom, if they chose. We—ignorant mortal that we are!—can not appreciate their melancholy; nor, begging their pardon, do we aspire to their wisdom and experience, if the result must be such as they assume.

Perhaps it is on account of the comfortable position in which we are placed that we write as we do. Our library is not large. The *tub* of old Diogenes might, haply, compare with it advantageously. For that very reason—because it is so small—have we a love for it. "A little room well filled" is far preferable to a large room which your rushlight could not entirely illumine. You, reader, might envy us if you could see our luxuriousness of contentment and ease. Our feet are on the fender, inhaling the warmth of the generous coals. Cowper is on the table beside us—dear, idolized Cowper, of whom you have heard us speak again and again, and of whom, in very sooth, we believe we shall never have done speaking. Let us open his leaves. The first thing that greets our eye is a steel engraving of the head of the blessed bard. And in a night-cap! What does this mean? He should be crowned with something more worthy than this. A night-cap is decidedly out of taste. We beg permission to enter our fervid protestations against a night-cap. It strikes us as something remarkable that the portraits of almost all the bards of the eighteenth century are habited in an unpoetical and unornamental night-cap. James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," is honored with the same ludicrous wreath. But it more becomes *him* than our ever-wakeful favorite, Cowper. He who dozed away the bracing winter mornings, and wrote his most somnific poem, "The Castle of Indolence," in a warm feather-bed, is aptly "laureled" with a night-cap. But who shall dare asseverate that the bard of "The Task" is not insulted by being represented with so ungainly an appendage? He who loved to rise in summer with the lark, and work in his garden or feed his pets—he who beheld in winter the first fleecy gleam of morning—does not deserve so uninspiring a laurel. There is a kindness, however, in this countenance which even the night-cap can not conceal. A pleasant companion Mrs. Unwin must have had in Cowper, notwithstanding his curious whims and his retiring timidity of character. The "Adventure of John Gilpin" shows that the good soul had that within his nature which was pleasing and companionable. The quiet humor of the narrative is irresistible. We defy any man who is not a misanthrope to read it without pleasure. And especially must his little stories about his rabbits and his dog *Beau* awake a chord of delight in your bosom. No matter who you are, whether young or old, male or female, we defy you to be any thing else than enraptured with the sincere heart-offerings of our hermit-spirited

friend. The calmest humor and purest virtue have inspired his Muse.

We have, of course, the works of the poets; and besides these we have a few historical works, which give us a slight insight into the whilom history of mankind. The shadows are manifold and deep which we find in these histories. Do you ever read the records of crime, bloodshed, war, turmoil, in historic pages, dear friends? What a foolish question! To be sure you do; and sometimes shudder at them, too; and wonder, as you read, why Heaven does not blot such a dark blemish as this earth from the fair book of creation. Yet, with all its crime and wretchedness, this is a beautiful, a divine world. That portion of it untainted by the touch of man stands forth in sublime loveliness, with the glorious seal of God stamped upon it. How pure it looks in the face of day! In lonely places, where the eye of man hath not penetrated—away in the silent, illimitable forest, or in the great depths of the sea—what glory may dwell! Why, even the mutilated forests around our villages are a relief from the wretchedness of cities. It seems to us as if art had maddened man; debilitated the functions of his mind; placed within him the elements of cunning and tyranny. As we glance upon the catalogues of dissension, our heart dies away within us. O, how often, then, do we sigh for a world—a little, shining, lovely world—where all hearts may be as one; all minds tend to the same great center—peace, contentment, love! But we sigh in vain. No such world will happify our souls this side of the grave. In imagination we can see shadowy Death relapsing his countenance into a sallow grin, as he beholds the petty struggles of nations for sections of land. "What an idiot is man!" he exclaims; "yes, a very idiot! steeping his hands in the blood of his fellow for the sake of a certain portion of dust, when all that naturally belongs to him is a few, limited feet under ground; and even that span of dirt eventually mingles with his own!" Well may the shadow vent his ghastly jests. But we poor mortals have full cause to weep at our fallen state.

No sound disturbs us in our quiet domicil. We can muse at pleasure. The sad moaning of the winter wind without rather aids us in reflection. It makes the stillness within more palpable. As we sit thus, with our feet upon the comfortable fender, and our eye-glance directed to the livid coals, those early years,

"When hope was new,
And the heart pictured what the fancy drew,"

come stealing, like airy ghosts, from the grave to haunt us. There was one friend of our youth—a noble, free-hearted, aspiring lad—whose rosy and hopeful countenance we can now see as distinctly as when we spoke to him face to face. The glad nights we spent by the winter fire—reading entertaining books, and building high hopes for the future, while other boys were hooting in the snow—is a reminiscence that is especially grateful to our

mind. But he perished young—perished ere the sunshine of experience had brushed the young dew from his heart—of consumption. We walked out with him a few days before he died, and gathered the fair autumn wood-flowers. There were some wild flowers that he specially loved. He plucked a bouquet of them, and placed them in his breast. We saw him when he died. Those same flowers were on his bosom in that final hour. But, like him, they were withered. It was his last request, as his mind wandered even then among the woods, that they should be his companions in death. And they were; but their perfume, like the memory of his virtues, still remained to shed a purity and holiness around that quiet chamber of death. Shall we forget him? Never. Often, in these long winter nights, in dreams, he is pointing out some favorite passage of prose or poetry to us, with that joyant look he wore in life; or diving with us through the summer forests in search of hidden brooks, near which to dream and read away the prime days; or hurrying us to the top of some hill, to watch those strange and fantastical images which the evening wind forms of the sunlit clouds.

Tell us not that "friendship is but a name!" We who have the heart and the wish to enjoy the love of our fellow-creatures often find those in the world whose absence is unendurable, and whose death rends away the very chords of our hearts. They are misanthropes who would make us believe that there is nothing but hypocrisy and selfishness in the hearts of men; and we should shun them as we would a serpent. They but look into their own clouded and stormy hearts when they offer such sentiments, and not into the great, beating heart of mankind.

When our true, favorite friend dies, often do we think of him, and as often as we think of him the moisture dims our eyes; and yet there burns within our bosom the happy anticipation of gathering with him more beautiful things than flowers, and reading with him more delightful volumes than ever poets dreamed of, in the paradise of heaven.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

WHAT can be truer or more beautiful than this tribute to woman? It is from the pen of Daniel Webster, and is worthy the might of his pen:

"May it please your honors, there is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature, who, for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power, her timidity becomes fearless courage, all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness—when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affection."

VOL. XII.—32

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

WHEN Jehoram, the son of Ahab, reigned over Israel, in Samaria, there dwelt in the city of Shunem a small, yet affluent and respectable family. Shunem itself was a city of very inconsiderable name and distinction in Israel. According to the description given by historians, it was situated on the extreme northern verge of the territory assigned to the tribe of Issachar, and was distant some forty furlongs from Mount Tabor. Yet, however little and unknown this city was, it became memorable as the place in which occurred one of the most striking exhibitions of hospitality, and in which God was pleased to display the power and miracle of his grace.

The sacred writer seems studiously to avoid the mention of the name of the individual who figures so conspicuously, yet unobtrusively in his narrative. He simply denominates her the Shunammite; and this, no doubt, was, as he himself thought, an appellation sufficiently becoming and honorable. The trait first noticeable in the character of this woman is her hospitality—hospitality, not cold and repulsive, but warm and generous in its nature. As the prophet Elisha passed through the city of Shunem, his bottle of water under his arm was not exhausted, nor was the bread in his scrip all consumed; yet she, unwilling for him to partake of his solitary meal in the caravansary, constrained him to remain and "eat bread in her house." And this invitation proved to be but the commencement of that friendship which, as often as duty called him that way to the school of the prophets, welcomed him to her home and store.

It is known, we presume, to our readers generally, that, among the ancients, to entertain strangers was considered one of the most imperious and sacred of duties. And it will not fail to be recollected that numerous illustrations of this principle occur in the histories of the patriarchs. Hence the injunction of the apostle in reference to hospitality, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Had Paul written this for the occasion of which we are speaking, nothing could have been more appropriate, as Elisha more than once demeaned himself an angel in the eyes of this Shunammite.

From the following passage it would seem that Elisha was soon discovered to be a prophet: "And she said unto her husband, Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, that passeth by us continually." Nothing can be more obvious than that his pious conversation was mutually spoken of by this hospitable pair; and from a disposition further to befriend and accommodate him, or a desire, probably, to improve by his superior knowledge of divine things, it was proposed to make him a little chamber on the wall, wherein was to be placed a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a

candlestick, so that when he came that way he might turn in thither.

The peculiar structure of this room and the simplicity of its furniture may strike us as being unsuited to the rank of so distinguished a visitor. We shall judge erroneously, however, if we compare the usages and customs of former with those of the present times. The prophet, indeed, received the highest mark of regard which ancient hospitality could afford. Small dwellings, similar to that in which the prophet abode, were attached to most houses of distinction in the east. Sometimes they arose to the same height with the main building, and sometimes they arose higher, and were terraced. Their construction was such as to admit of passing into the gallery of the house by a door, which was opened and closed at pleasure by the master of the family; and they likewise permitted the inmate to descend to the court below, without disturbing or even being noticed by the household. Many conveniences were thus secured to the guest: he could retire or be with the family at any moment he chose; he could indulge in devotional solitude, or he could mingle his voice and prayers with theirs around the throne of grace.

What place better adapted to Elisha's wants? what place more agreeable to his feelings, could he have found? But its appendages—how plain, how few, how simple! a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick; nothing to please the eye, nothing of ostentation or ornament—all for use, all for study, all for devotion. Yet this apparent "scanty fitting-up" of the room is attributable neither to negligence or disrespect to the prophet. It was intended most certainly for his comfort and accommodation; and that he received it as characteristic of reverence and esteem is evident from the fact, that he oftentimes made it the place of his habitation and rest.

They that receive courtesies should endeavor to return them. From his conduct, it appears that Elisha indulged in no ungrateful, spunging spirit, but endeavored to requite her generosity and kindness. He, therefore, said to his servant Gehazi, "Call this Shunammite;" and, in compliance with his request, she stood before him: whereupon he said to her, "Behold thou hast been careful for us with all this care: what is to be done for thee? wouldst thou be spoken for to the king or to the captain of the host?" In other words, Since thou hast been at great inconvenience in providing for the wants of myself and servant, would an office, civil or military, be gratifying to your husband? Hast thou any complaint to make, any petition to present, any case which demands the countenance of the higher powers? It will be remembered that Elisha immediately subsequent to the victory of the Moabites obtained a distinguished place at the court, and, though not disposed to advance himself, he had it in his power to advance others to whatever dignity he pleased. But she refused all promotion, briefly yet most comprehensively re-

plying, "I dwell among mine own people." Enjoying the highest regard of relatives and friends, and blessed with all the comforts which a munificent Providence could afford, it can scarcely be surmised that she had any disposition to seek reputation and wealth, far from friends and kindred, in a strange land.

The man of God, anxious in some manner to recompense her favors, said to his servant, "What then is to be done for her? can you discover any thing which might be desired by her, or which would prove a source of happiness to her? At the suggestion of Gehazi, the prophet seizes the idea that the blessing of an infant's smiles and playfulness might give increased joy to the already calm contentment of his hostess; and as this impulse came upon his mind from the inspiration of his God, he predicts that this blessing should be added to the cup of her enjoyment. His prediction was fulfilled—a lovely infant smiled on the joyful mother of Shunem. She watched over it with the tenderest solicitude; and as it reposed upon her lap, or played by her side, she asked that in days to come it might be kept from the sin and evil in the world, and that it might prove the stay and comfort of her declining years. Yet how soon were her hopes disappointed! how bitter a reverse was she called upon to experience! If the child were the mother's joy, it was the father's pride, as will be perceived from the fact that he took it with him on a certain occasion to the fields to inhale the early morning air and the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and where, as the narrative informs us, it was attacked with a disease very prevalent in Judea, and which is known to us under the appellation of "*coup de soleil*," or stroke of the sun. The father, unaware of the fatality of the attack, merely had his son conveyed home, while he remained to superintend his reapers. But on his return the child was dead. No mention is made of the anguish that tore the mother's breast—no recital of the pangs she felt as she gazed upon

"Those ruby lips so pale,
That blushing cheek so cold,
And dim those eyes of dewy light
That smiled and gleamed so mildly bright;"

yet, as she gazed upon the breathless corpse before her, and pressed her lips to those now dumb in death, her countenance seemed brightening with hope. Hers was the child of prophecy. God had given it, and God could give it her again. She waited not for the sympathy of friends, nor wished them "to feel or feign decorous woe;" but, without hesitancy or delay, "she went up and placed it on the bed of the man of God, and went out." Urged by the thought that her son might be restored to light, "she came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunammite; run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is

it well with the child? and she answered, It is well."

In the employment of this language it is supposed by some that she merely desired to evade the inquiries of Gehazi. This supposition, however, but ill comports with the known ingenuousness and veracity of her character. She was persuaded that the affliction was sent in mercy, and would terminate well, though her passions conflicted against her better judgment.

"And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet: but Gehazi came near to her and thrust her away," imagining, perhaps, that she was in a state of insanity. "But the man of God said, Let her alone: for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me. Then she said, Did I desire a son of the Lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?" At the utterance of these words the prophet discovered the object of her errand, and, not waiting for further information, "he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child."

It is somewhat difficult to conceive what the prophet intended by thus commissioning Gehazi. Since he had parted the waters of Jordan with the mantle of Elijah, it may be that he thought his own staff, in the hands of his servant, would be equally efficacious. Or it may have been his intention to make a trial of the Shunammite's faith.

The afflicted and heart-stricken mother, doubting the power of Gehazi to restore her child, still clung to the prophet; and with an urgency which nothing but a mother's love could excuse, she importunes him, "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And he, no longer able to withstand her expostulations and entreaties, arose and followed her.

Gehazi meanwhile proceeded as directed, observing scrupulously the injunctions of the prophet in reference to the means he should employ for the restoration of the child; but all in vain. As Gehazi announced the unwelcome tidings to his master, the latter hastened on his way, and as soon as he arrived at the house he went to his accustomed chamber, and there, upon his own bed, he beheld the cold and pallid corpse of the son of his benefactress. There was but one resort. He knew that with the Lord are the issues of life and death. He had given and he had taken away, and he could return what he had withdrawn. He knelt beside his bed, and, in all the fervency of his spirit, he implored the Lord, through his instrumentality, to cause the soul of the child to return again to the body it had deserted. God heard his prayer. Symptoms of returning life were soon observed: the eyes began to open, the cheeks to glow, and the heart to beat. He called for the Shunammite, into whose arms he gave her once dead but now

living son; while she, with emotions of gratitude too full for utterance, "fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and then took up her son, and went out" to indulge in those "hallowed and indescribable feelings which none but a mother knows."

Has any mother deigned to read this narrative, and has that mother wept over one whom God has taken to himself? She may never behold its smiles or hear its gentle voice on earth; but, if her heart be given to the Savior, she may meet it in that high world,

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more—"

where affection's ties are never riven—where separation is unknown.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Of Pope various sentiments are entertained. The probability is, that his religious opinions, so far as relates to the great doctrines of Christianity, were about as correct as those of most persons who are not pious.

Johnson says of him: "The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which, in his correspondence with Racine, he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures—a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and the witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But into whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief in revelation." Ruffhead says: "Though a Catholic, as is supposed, to the day of his death, Pope was convinced that the Church of Rome had all the marks of that antichristian power predicted in the writings of the New Testament. And though he had not courage enough to profess himself a Protestant, he was firmly persuaded of the truths of Christianity." It is known that, in the latter part of his life, he attended the services of the English Church.

The estimation in which, as a writer and a man of taste, he held the Bible, is expressed by himself in the following language: "The pure and noble, the graceful and dignified simplicity of language, is no where in such perfection as in Scripture and Homer; and the whole book of Job, with regard both to sublimity of thought and morality, exceeds, beyond all comparison, the most noble parts of Homer."

Pope by many has been reported as a Deist; by some as an Atheist; and by few nothing or any thing, as the case might be. There is history for the statement, however, that he was a Roman Catholic—whether only theoretically or practically such we shall not now stop to inquire.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLENNIS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rev. W. M'Dowell—Early life and conversion—Emigrates to the United States—Enters the ministry—His labors—Marries—Removals—Settles in Chillicothe—Studies and practices physic—His death—Character—Rev. T. Scott—Parentage—Conversion—Enters the ministry—His labors in Virginia—Rev. T. Lyell—Mr. S. in Western Virginia—Descends the Ohio river and joins the Kentucky Conference—His labors there—Locates—Marries—Studies law—Opens a tailor's shop—Practices law—Removes to Chillicothe—His pursuits there—Secretary to convention—To the senate—Elected Judge of Supreme Court—Resigns—Concluding notice of him—Rev. S. Monett—Enters the ministry—Locates—Removes to Chillicothe—Practices physic—Removes to the south—Elopes with a young female—His end—Character—Rev. J. Hutt—Brief notice of him.

HAVING concluded our brief notices of some of the Methodist ministers who were in the old Western conference in 1807, we come now to furnish like notices of the local preachers resident in Chillicothe at that period. And, first, of those who had been regular traveling preachers, but had located.

William M'Dowell was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, February 4, 1762. His father dying when he was about nine years old, his education and instruction devolved principally upon his mother. She was a pious Methodist prior to his birth; and so effectually did she instruct him "in the way he should go," that he never departed from it—never swore a profane oath, or was drunk during his life. His mother was sister to the Rev. James Creighton, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, well known by his writings, and who, at an early period, united with Mr. Wesley. Mr. M'Dowell was converted and joined the Methodist Societies before he had attained manhood. He was much persecuted, and often severely beaten by the Catholics, on account of his religion, but made no resistance. He, with others, were compelled, however, to go armed to Church, for fear of the Catholics. In the year 1786 he emigrated to the United States, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina, where he immediately presented his certificate of membership and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. After transacting business for his elder brother, John, a merchant of that city, for two years, he was sent by Bishop Asbury to Edisto circuit, where he traveled and preached awhile; but becoming discouraged, through his extreme diffidence, he returned to his brother's. In 1789 he consented to give himself up to the work, and was admitted on trial and traveled the Broad River circuit, and, in 1790, the Yadkin circuit. In 1791 he was admitted into full connection and ordained deacon. Afterward he traveled successively Great Pedee, Georgetown, D. C., Harford, Md., and Carlisle, Pa., circuits. In 1794 he was ordained elder, and in 1795 he located, after having labored faithfully seven years in the itinerant ministry, during which time his labors were often much blessed of the Lord. He received but little from

the circuits; and his horse and his necessary clothing were furnished by his brother John.

Soon after locating he married Miss Rachel M'Clintick, daughter of James and Mary M'Clintick, of Shippensburg, Pa. They subsequently removed to and settled in the state of Georgia, where Mr. M'Dowell engaged in mercantile enterprise and prospered. Here their house was an asylum for the missionaries of the cross, for the way-worn traveler, for those in distress, and for all who called upon the name of the Lord out of a pure heart fervently. He afterward settled in Newtown, Frederick county, Va., where they resided till 1806, in which year he removed, with his family, to Chillicothe, and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1810 he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, James M'Clintick, Esq., who became the active partner; and Mr. M'Dowell being thus relieved from personal attention to the business, removed to his farm on Deer creek, where he resided several years, employing his time in a regular course of reading on medical science, and in prescribing and administering medicine to the sick of his neighborhood. Succeeding well in his practice, and encouraged to devote himself to the healing art, he was induced to complete his medical studies by attending a full course of lectures, which he did, in the city of Philadelphia, under the immediate instruction of those eminent physicians and surgeons, Benjamin Rush, Philip S. Physic, and others. In 1814 he left his farm and returned to Chillicothe, and commenced a regular course of successful practice, which he continued till, in 1829, he was so much injured by a fall as to be incapable of attending his patients, except to a limited extent. He suffered much at times from the effect of that fall, yet attended, whenever in his power, to the calls of the sick. In August, 1831, he suffered a severe bereavement in the death of his estimable wife, who left this world in triumph. The Doctor survived her a little over ten years; and on the 11th of November, 1841, after a severe illness of five or six weeks, he was called to join "the spirits of just men made perfect," in the eightieth year of his age. His death was peaceful.

Dr. M'Dowell was above the medium size, with heavy muscular frame, but of remarkably dignified and imposing personal appearance. His countenance, when at rest, was grave and solemn, strongly marked with thoughtfulness and reserve; but when engaged in entertaining conversation, his face was lighted with an animated, pleasant, and exceedingly engaging smile. Indeed, he was, in conversation, one of the most companionable and agreeable men we have ever known. He was constitutionally diffident, even timid, unassuming, and modest all through life; and very seldom could he be prevailed upon to preach, so self-abasing were his views of his own pulpit exercises, but which were always above mediocrity, and deeply solemn and impressive. We have never heard him, without regretting that he ever retired from the regular

work of the ministry. Indeed, in his last sickness he frequently expressed regret that he ever desisted from the work of publishing to the world the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Thomas Scott, familiarly called Judge Scott, from having been several years a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, has been a resident of Chillicothe more than fifty-one years, where he still resides, enjoying a green old age, having just completed the eightieth year of his earthly pilgrimage. He was born at Skypton, near the junction of the north and south branches of the Potomac river, Alleghany county, Md., October 31, 1772. His father's parents were Scotch-Irish, and emigrated from Ireland and settled in Berks county, Pa., shortly after the battle of the Boyne, in 1690. They were Protestants, and had sustained heavy losses by the Catholics previous to that battle.

Before the age of fourteen years Mr. Scott embraced religion, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when there were only a little over twenty thousand members in its communion, and about one hundred and seventeen preachers. He has, therefore, been a member of the Church more than sixty-six years. At the conference at Leesburg, Va., in April, 1789, when only *sixteen and a half years old*, he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection, and appointed to Gloucester circuit, Va., together with those distinguished ministers, Lewis Chasteen and Valentine Cook. The following year he was appointed to Berkely circuit, with Lewis Chasteen preacher in charge. Soon after they commenced their labors, Mr. Chasteen was seized with the small pox, which injured one of his eyes so much that he could labor but little till near the close of the year. This devolved nearly the entire labor, as well as the administration of discipline, upon the youthful Scott, yet only eighteen years old. At the conference in May, 1791, he was received into full connection, and ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, who appointed him in charge of Stafford circuit, Va., with Samuel Hitt, late of Champaign county, Ohio, as his helper. In 1792 he was appointed to Frederic circuit, Va., with Thomas Lyell as his helper.

Mr. Lyell, although young, and only in the second year of his ministry, had already acquired great fame as a very eloquent and popular preacher. This, together with his amiable disposition, his polished manners, his fascinating conversation, and his fine personal figure, conspired to make him a great favorite, both with the preachers and people. For many successive years he was stationed in the most populous cities, and caressed, and, perhaps, flattered wherever he went. In 1804 he located, and afterward took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was settled in the city of New York as rector of a populous and wealthy parish, which he served with great acceptance till his death, at an advanced age, a few years since. It is said that he preserved, to the last, a friendly attachment to the Methodist Episcopal Church

and her ministry. But to return from this digression.

At the conference held at the place of Mr. Scott's nativity, in June, 1793, he was ordained elder by Bishop Asbury, and appointed to the Ohio circuit, in charge, with the Rev. Robert Bonham as his helper. This circuit was of great extent, and much of which lay along the frontier settlements on the Ohio river, in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, and exposed to the attacks of the Indians.

In the spring of 1794, in pursuance of instructions from Bishop Asbury, Mr. Scott descended the Ohio river to join the Kentucky conference, which convened on the 15th of April. Embarking at Wheeling, on a flat-bottomed boat, laden with provisions for General Wayne's army, he descended the Ohio river to Brooke's landing, above the mouth of Limestone creek, where Maysville now stands. The settlements along the Ohio river, at that period, were few and far between, and the intervening wilderness was occupied by hostile tribes of Indians, to whose attacks descending boats were continually exposed. Floating with the current, the voyage was necessarily tedious, and the boat often passing along very near to the shore, those on board were in great danger from the unerring rifle of the Indian. But Mr. Scott, unconscious of his danger, was accustomed daily to sit, for hours together, on the top of the boat, reading, even while the boat was floating along close to the shore covered with bushes, from which the savage tomahawk of the practiced Indian might have been hurled to his destruction. He has oftentimes since reflected with surprise upon his own imprudence, and ascribed his preservation to a merciful and overruling Providence. Having sent his horse on to Kentucky a few days ahead, Mr. Scott, on landing there himself, immediately proceeded to the home of his parents, on the head waters of Bracken creek, Mason county, with whom he spent a few days, and then repaired to the seat of the Kentucky conference, near Bethel Academy, Jessamine county, where he received an appointment to Danville circuit, on which he continued to labor during the conference year. At the conference in May, 1795, he located for the purpose of attending to important temporal business in Pennsylvania. But sickness and other circumstances prevented his going to Pennsylvania. To accustom himself to hard labor, he turned in to cut down and strip the bark from large trees for his brother James, who was a tanner. When the season for this work was over, he went to school about a month to acquire a better knowledge of arithmetic. Every Thursday afternoon he walked three miles to meet a class, of which he was leader, and had his appointments to preach on Sabbath, one of which places was in Maysville, and it is probable he was the first Methodist minister who ever preached the Gospel in that town. In the latter part of the summer, at the request of the Rev. F. Poythress, the presiding elder, Mr. Scott took charge of the Lexington circuit, in place of the Rev. Aquilla Sugg,

whose health had failed, and he continued on that circuit till the meeting of the Kentucky conference in the spring of 1796, from which time his labors as an itinerant minister in the Church ceased.

On the 10th of May, 1796, Mr. Scott married Miss Catharine Wood, a pious young lady, whose parents had long been Methodists, and soon afterward settled in Washington, Mason county, Ky., where he obtained employment as a clerk in a dry goods store. In a few months the merchant failed in business, and Mr. Scott thereby lost nearly half his earnings. After this he devoted a small portion of his time to reading the elementary principles of law, and copying and memorizing the forms of entries in civil and criminal proceedings in the courts. This he did in expectation of being appointed clerk of the courts in a new county about to be set off from Mason; but which office, although his superior fitness for it was admitted by all, was, through the treachery of pretended friends, given to another. He now determined upon the study of law, with the view of practicing at the bar, and, therefore, declined several very favorable offers of eastern merchants to engage in the mercantile business. But in what way he was to support himself and family, while pursuing his legal studies, was now the question. Various plans were considered; and as "necessity is the mother of invention," he finally resolved upon opening a tailor's shop in Washington, so soon as he could gain sufficient practical knowledge of the business to follow it. His father was a tailor, and when a boy he had often assisted him on long winter nights, and wet or stormy days, and was expert in the use of the needle, but was ignorant of the art of cutting, and of joining the parts of garments together. To acquire this knowledge, he worked awhile as a journeyman in an extensive shop in Washington. But the proprietor, aware of Mr. Scott's intention to commence business himself, never allowed him to be present when he took the measures for garments or cut them. He was obliged, therefore, to get the requisite knowledge from a tailor in the country.

He had never yet had any practice in measuring, or cutting, or fitting garments, and might well have been deterred, by his fears, from attempting to open shop and commence. But relying upon his own native genius, and his patient, untiring perseverance in whatever he undertook, he did open a shop and commence business. He spoiled the first coat he attempted to cut. But, nothing daunted, he tried again and succeeded. His neighbors kindly encouraged him, and work soon came in so fast that he had to employ journeymen. The late Mr. John Watson, well known in Chillicothe and elsewhere as an able hotel-keeper, worked some time for Mr. Scott as a journeyman.

Anxious to proceed in his legal studies, and yet having no time that he could devote to it, he adopted an expedient which none but an indomitable spirit, like his, would have thought of resorting

to. Mrs. Scott was an excellent reader, and as she had a hired woman to do the domestic work, she devoted her leisure time to reading to Mr. Scott, while at work on his shop-board, Blackstone's Commentaries, and other law books; and as she read, he treasured up in memory, and reflected on the contents read. The reading was often succeeded by singing, as they were both good singers; and while both were busily engaged in plying the needle, they would beguile the time by singing some of the sweet songs of Zion, and thus they cheerily passed the day.

In the fall of 1798 Mr. Scott removed, with his family, to Lexington, where he commenced a regular course of law-reading under the late Hon. James Brown, deceased. In the winter of 1800, before he had completed the extensive course of legal studies which he had anxiously desired, he was obliged, from pecuniary necessity, to desist; and having obtained license to practice law, he removed to and settled in Flemingsburg, Fleming county, where he was appointed prosecuting-attorney. Here, and in the counties of Mason and Bracken, he obtained some little practice, but did not succeed well in either of those counties. Although well versed in the principles of law, he had never yet read any book which treated of practice either in courts of law or equity. While at Flemingsburg he commenced a course of mathematical studies.

In March, 1801, he visited Chillicothe, by advice of the late General Nathaniel Massie and other friends, and upon consultation with his old friend, Dr. Edward Tiffin—whom he had known and taken into the Church eleven years prior to that time, in Virginia—he concluded to remove to and settle in that town, which he did the following month, and has continued to reside there to the present time—a period of over fifty-one years. Before leaving Kentucky he went to Cincinnati and was examined before the General Court of the North-Western Territory—Judge Burnett, Mr. M'Millen, and Attorney-General St. Clair examiners—and admitted to the degree of counsellor at law. During the summer of 1801 he wrote in the clerk's office for Doctor Tiffin, and engaged in such other business as he could to obtain a scanty subsistence, as he could not practice as counsellor at law till he had resided two years in the territory. The succeeding winter he was employed as engrossing and enrolling clerk during the session of the Territorial Legislature. On the assembling of the convention for forming a constitution for the state, Mr. Scott was elected Secretary to that body. Dr. Tiffin being a candidate for governor, under the new constitution, he resigned the clerkship of the several courts which he then held, and Mr. Scott was appointed in his place by the acting governor. At the first township election in Chillicothe, under the constitution, he was elected a justice of the peace, and was the first one commissioned under the state government. At the session of the first General Assembly, under the constitution, Mr. Scott was elected Secretary of

the senate, to which office he was annually appointed till 1809, in February of which year he was elected, by the Legislature, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and the year following was re-elected and commissioned chief judge of that Court. This office he held till July 1815, when, finding the salary insufficient for the support of himself and family, he resigned his seat on the bench and resumed the practice of law.

In October, 1815, Judge Scott was elected one of the representatives of Ross county in the Legislature, and in 1822, he, and the late Judge Francis Dunlevy and Thomas Ewing, Esq., were commissioned by Governor Morrow, under a law of the state, as a board of revision to revise the general laws of the state, and to report the same to the General Assembly at its ensuing session. The Board had not quite completed their work when the Legislature met; and one of the first things done by that body was to dissolve the Board, so that no report was made. In March, 1829, he was appointed by the President and senate, Register of the Land Office at Chillicothe, which office he held, by successive appointments, till March, 1845, when he was removed by President Polk.

The foregoing sketch of our old friend and neighbor is condensed from a more extended one recently drawn up by himself, and kindly furnished to us. We have devoted more space to it than we can well spare, and yet have been obliged to omit many incidents and facts which would have lent additional interest to the narrative. Many of his friends have, with us, regretted that the Judge ever exchanged his high and holy calling of an ambassador of Christ for the bar, or the bench, or political life, with its turmoil and strife. 'Tis true, he possessed superior qualifications for the bar, and the bench, and the various other offices he has held. But his fitness for the ministry was of a still higher order. And had he remained at his post therein, he would, doubtless, long since have ranked with the most talented and distinguished ministers in the Church; nay, might possibly now be filling the dignified office of its senior superintendent. It is but justice, however, to add, that he considered himself forced by "dire necessity" to take the course he did. "For," said he, "had the Church at that period been able to support myself and family, I would have spent my whole life in the ministry. But the Church was then too poor to do it." It is much to be lamented that many others of the ablest and most useful ministers in the Church, in former times, were, from the same cause, compelled to retire from the work.

Samuel Monett was, we believe, a native of Maryland. Of his early history we know nothing. The Minutes of conference inform us that he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher, in the Baltimore conference, in the year 1800, received into full connection and ordained deacon in 1804, and located in 1805. The Rev. Henry Smith, in his "Recollections and Reflections of an Old Itin-

erant," p. 126, speaking of the conference at Alexandria in April, 1804, says: "I was appointed to Winchester circuit, Va.; Samuel Monett, a probationer, was my colleague. [Monett was not now a "probationer;" for at that conference he was received into full connection.] When this brother's case came before the conference for admission on trial, [Mr. Smith must have referred to the conference four years previous,] one of the preachers said, 'But he is married.' Bishop Asbury replied, 'What of that? Perhaps he is the better for it. Better take preachers well married than be at the trouble of marrying them after you get them.'" "Well married" Mr. Monett was; for his wife was a most amiable and estimable woman, and esteemed such by all who knew her; and of this the Bishop might have been aware when he thus spoke.

In the spring of 1807 Dr. Monett, with his family, emigrated from Virginia and settled in Chillicothe. At what time he studied the healing art we are not informed; but immediately after his removal to Chillicothe he commenced the practice of medicine, and pursued it with considerable success during the sixteen years of his residence there. In 1808 he represented Ross county in the General Assembly of Ohio. He had a particular fondness for political life, and often took an active interest in the party struggles of the day—moved, we thought, more by love of popularity than by any fixed political principles. But we have not space to follow the Doctor through the period of his sojourn in Chillicothe, and must pass over various incidents of his life there. In 1823, we believe, he removed with his family to Washington, in the state of Mississippi, where he resumed the practice of physic.

Here we feel strongly inclined to close our sketch of the Doctor's life, and draw a veil over that which remains; but truth requires, and the reader will expect, that we give the melancholy sequel; and we do it in the hope that it may serve as a beacon to others, to warn them against making "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience."

After his removal to the south, the Doctor fell into a lucrative practice, with the golden prospect of affluence before him; and he possessed all the joys and comforts that domestic happiness, and a most amiable and affectionate wife, and an interesting family of promising children could bestow. Yet all these he relinquished; and for the unbridled indulgence of an unhallowed passion, abandoned his home, his wife, and his children, and eloped with a young female about eighteen years old, who had been confided by her friends in Chillicothe to his guardianship, to be brought up in his family! To escape the punishment of his crime, and to be beyond the reach of inquiry, the Doctor, with the deluded partner of his guilt, fled beyond the limits of the United States, and took up their residence, as man and wife, somewhere in Florida, then a province of Spain. Here, a year or two afterward, he fell a victim to a disease incident to

that climate, leaving the poor, deceived, frail one and her child strangers in a strange land, unpitied and uncared for. Whether, through repentance, there was "hope in his death," we are uninformed; but fear his sun went down in total darkness.

Dr. Monett was a talented and popular preacher. He had a vivid imagination, a quick perception, an easy flow of language and ready utterance, with an impassioned elocution; but he lacked in stability and dignity, and in the strict godly walk and chaste conversation becoming the Christian minister.

John Hutt was born in the northern neck of Virginia. He served several years as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and was six years an itinerant minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was admitted on trial in the traveling connection in 1789, and in due course was received into full connection, and graduated to deacons' and elders' orders. In the Minutes of conference for 1792 Mr. Hutt's name appears as "Book Steward for the northern and center districts." In 1796 his name is found in the roll of those "who are under a location through weakness of body or family concerns." He visited Chillicothe in 1795, and a few years afterward removed from Virginia and settled in that town. Prior to that time his connection with the Church had been severed; how, we are not informed, and he never again returned to it, nor joined any branch of the Christian Church. His death occurred in 1832 or 1833, but of the circumstances thereof we have no knowledge.

The foregoing comprise all the local preachers residing in Chillicothe in 1807, who had belonged to the traveling connection. Besides these, there were about double that number of local preachers who were never in the itinerant ranks. Our intended notice of these we defer till our next chapter.

MY FATHER.

—
BY MARY.
—

FATHER thou art gone to the spirit-land. I hear no longer the sweet sound of thy voice uttering words of comfort and encouragement; and when the shades of evening gather around our lowly dwelling I listen in vain for thy coming footsteps. A tear trickles down my cheek, and yet thou comest not. I miss thee at the hour of prayer. Thou didst then invoke heavenly blessings upon thy children in such strong faith that they seemed to descend upon them like the refreshing dew upon the drooping flower, imparting to it new life, new beauty, new fragrance. Well do I remember thy death-bed scene! O, who that saw thee die can ever forget how thou didst die! In death thou didst triumph with a song of heavenly sweetness, and, as its cadence died away, thy spirit fled.

I was but a little child, my father, yet I loved thee then, I love thee now, I will love thee ever.

TO MY HUSBAND.

—
BY MRS. S. L. PANCOAST.
—

Love me, dearest, when no more
Youth's blooming garb I wear;
Love me still, as thou didst when
I was so young and fair.

Love me when these sparkling eyes,
Grow dim from watchful hours;
When for thee I can not pluck
The last and earliest flowers.

Love me, dear one, when old Time
Hath stole my ringlets fair,
And left naught to deck my brow,
But whitened locks of hair.

Love me, dearest; love me when
I can no longer sing;
When my harp shall lie unstrung,
As some forsaken thing.

Love me, dearest, love me more
Than when I was thy bride,
Till my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I have quit thy side.

Love me, dear one, when I lie
Beneath the church-yard tree;
Think of me and how I lov'd,
To quit my home for thee.

COME UNTO ME.

—
BY LILLIAN.
—

"Come unto me," the Savior cries,
All ye by sin oppress'd,
Confess my name before the world,
And I will give you rest.

Assume my mild and easy yoke,
And by obedience prove
Your heart's devotion to my cause,
Your gratitude and love.

In meekness strive to do my will;
All other teachers flee;
Lay every earthly trust aside,
And learn alone of me.

The stores of wisdom all are mine,
And to each trustful heart
Treasures of knowledge, deep and pure,
I gladly will impart.

I am of meek and lowly heart,
And those who follow me
Must cast all lofty pride away,
And learn humility.

Through life, then, humbly follow on,
In death lean on my breast;
Fear not the dark and gloomy grave,
Beyond it lies your rest.

THE CASTLED RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

(SECOND PAPER.)

THE city of Coblenz lies at the confluence of the waters of the "blue Moselle with those of the Rhine." It is situated in the heart of the beauties of the Rhine valley, and is, therefore, generally chosen as a residence by those whose choice knows no other guide than the greatest attractions. The consequence is, that most of the English and French that have settled on the Rhine are to be found in Coblenz. It presents a beautiful front to the river, and bears the impress of a refined and wealthy city. The environs of Coblenz know no rivals on the Rhine. From every eminence in the neighborhood wave stately flags adorning stately castles. On the opposite bank, high in the air, like a rocky precipice, is the fortress which commands and protects the city. Ehrenbreitstein—"Honor's broad stone"—is truly the Gibraltar of Germany. Its cannon, without number, peep from its heights over into the valley and down into the city—a protection to friends, a warning to foes. Ehrenbreitstein has sustained many a siege, especially from the French. The latter blockaded it in 1799, when it contained a garrison of fourteen thousand men. These defended their fortress so bravely that they ate cats, dogs, and horses, and surrendered to starvation, not to the French.

A little farther up the stream—a pleasant drive from Coblenz—is the most beautiful castle on the Rhine—the Stolzenfels—the "*Rock of Pride*." It was in ruins for two hundred years, but was bought by the King of Prussia a few years ago, and renovated in exact conformity to its ancient model. Seen from the river, it bears every appearance of being new and habitable, and is adorned with all the appurtenances that taste can suggest and art supply. The King of Prussia never visits the Rhine without spending a few days at Stolzenfels; and any of his royal cousins who may happen to be jaunting about the Rhine, are generously invited to enjoy its hospitalities. When Queen Victoria made her celebrated visit to Germany, a few years ago, she spent several days at Stolzenfels, to give her German husband an opportunity to show her the beauties of the Rhine. When not occupied by some royal hosts, visitors are freely admitted to inspect the interior. The keeper is exceedingly careful to show the chair on which she sat, the table at which she ate, the bed in which she slept, the mirror in which she saw herself, the slippers which she wore, the window out of which she looked, the railing on which she leaned her arm, and numerous other matters of great interest to the inquisitive traveler.

The landscape here is more graceful and attractive than any other on the Rhine, and is the precursor to the wild, the romantic, the sublime; for

here it is that we enter the narrow valley of the stream, and the "Castled Rhine" preëminently. Rich in picturesque landscape, the traveler would fain become the resident of its shores, and pass his life among its hills, its peaks, its ruins. The river winds and bends through rocks and vineyards, and seems inclined to indulge in graceful meanderings, as if conscious of the beauty of its borders, and desirous of lending them more attractions. And behind these mountains smiles a second valley—that of the "Blue Moselle." Between these streams are the most charming regions for the excursions of lovers of nature and solitude.

The numerous castles and ruins that adorn every eminence of this part of the river were once the homes of those who formed the league of the "Robbers of the Rhine." Their strongholds were so situated and constructed that they could be rendered nearly inaccessible to foes. They inhabited these castles with numerous and daring bands, and made occasional descents on the defenseless boatmen while pursuing their course down the stream, with their boats loaded with the produce of their toil. These robbers plundered them of every thing that was valuable or desirable, and thus enriched their fastnesses with the labor of honest worth. When the peasants of the valley would combine to break up some extremely obnoxious band, the latter would call to its aid the possessors of other strongholds, and thus these castled lords formed a perfect league of robbers. They became very wealthy, and built immense structures, many of which are in good preservation at the present day; and some of them received the title of baron. From these aristocratic robbers have descended many of the princes who, at this moment, claim and exercise princely prerogatives; and they boast as much about their progenitors as if they had been honest men. The history of their deeds of daring has been highly wrought up into fiction, and is now shadowed forth in a thousand legends.

This league of the Robbers of the Rhine, in the days of its strength, established no less than thirty-two tolls in the course of the stream, at which vessels that would pass in peace were obliged to stop and pay a certain sum. This refined and lazy mode of plundering at last became so onerous and notorious as nearly to annihilate the trade on the Rhine, and deprive the large cities of the interior of their legitimate means of support—throwing a blight over the fields, the hill-sides, and the streams. This state of things gave rise to the celebrated "*Hanseatic League*," which was established to give battle to the league of the robbers. All of the wealthy trading cities of Germany joined this league, and, in time, it numbered several hundred. Their immense wealth commanded forces which could present a bold front to the robbers, and, in time, the Hanseatic League became victorious, and, in its turn, ruled the entire country. It fell, however, before the advances of modern governments, and all that now remain of this once powerful league

are the free cities of Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and Labec.

This is the history of the "Castled Rhine." We will pardon the castles their unholy origin, for the intense interest which they lend to the stream; and in this Christian spirit spend a few minutes in roaming over their ruins.

The two groups of towers and turrets that you see rising on yonder rocky cliffs are called the "Two Brothers." Below them is the convent of Bornhofen, a celebrated shrine for the pilgrims of the Rhine. According to the legend, these two castles were built and inhabited by two wealthy brothers; their only sister, who was blind, founded three shrines to the glory of God. The two brothers were to divide their patrimony with their blind sister; but they took advantage of her blindness, and cheated her. Their money was measured out in bushels, and whenever the sister's turn came to receive a bushelful, the brothers turned the measure upside down, covered the bottom with gold pieces, and told the sister to feel that the measure was full and all was just. In this way the sister was wronged out of her inheritance. But the brothers soon quarreled about their ill-gotten gains, and lived in strife and contest. Once they agreed to spend a day at the chase; they were to start early, and he who woke first was to wake the other. The one who was first up came to the castle of the other, and, finding it still shut, shot an arrow at the window to awake his brother. In this instant the brother appeared at the window, and received the fatal arrow in his heart; he fell dead; and the unintentional fratricide, in the anguish of his soul, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulcher, and there died. The patrimony of both of them fell into strangers' hands, and Heaven thus punished the deceivers of a blind sister.

Near the "Two Brothers" is the old town of Boppard, most charmingly situated in a garden of castles and ruins. Modern innovation has actually established a water-cure in this paradise, and the patients, in taking their daily allowance of exercise and water, roam through these scenes of former greatness and renown. Germany is emphatically the land of cures, and has given us homeopathy and the water-cure; but there are still some on the Rhine which we have not yet adopted. One is the grape-cure. When the early grapes begin to ripen, the establishments open, and guests flock in from all quarters; for it is a very popular cure. The patients are condemned to roam about the vineyards all day, and eat the ripest and best grapes they can find; besides these, they indulge in little else than wheat bread. The patients are seldom cured as long as there are ripe grapes to eat; but toward the close of the grape season they suddenly improve, and return home much benefitted, and generally remain in this latter condition till the next season, when they are quite sure to need the grape-cure again.

Then there is the "goat's-milk-cure;" and this

has its season, also. Near Boppard is a large establishment, full of patients all summer, who nearly live on goat's milk. The goats graze in numbers on the neighboring rocks and heights; and they and the patients around their dwelling, high in the air, make a very picturesque scene. The "goat's-milk-cure" is about as severe and trying as the grape-cure. It, of course, requires resolution to submit to either, especially on the banks of the Rhine. Their votaries stoutly insist upon it that they cure all sorts of aches—backaches, headaches, and heartaches.

But there is still another cure, a little less romantic, and not quite so palatable—it is the "blood-cure." The establishment for this cure is generally situated where beasts are led to the slaughter. Their warm blood is caught in bathing-vessels, and the patients thus give to a diseased limb a "blood bath." It is contended that this is very efficacious for swellings, rheumatism, and other such evils.

While thus ruminating on the water-cure of Boppard, and the concomitant ideas, we arrive in sight of the castle called "The Cat," situated on a high, rocky eminence. Below, on the other side of the stream, is "The Mouse." When the latter was built, the brave and warlike counts of "Cat's Elbow" determined to build a "Cat" that would catch the "Mouse." But the brave "Kuno," the owner of the "Mouse," acquired, through his courage, so much reputation, that cats and mice were soon afraid of him; and the "Cat" has watched the "Mouse" for centuries without daring to pounce upon it.

Not far from these is the most dreaded spot on the Rhine: it is the rock of the Lurley, and once the residence of wicked nymphs, whose syren songs enticed the boatmen into the whirlpool that rages around its base. Here their destruction was certain, and the spoils fell to the lot of their destroyers. It reminds one of the pretty fable of Ulysses, who, while cruising in the Sicilian waters, had the ears of his sailors filled with wax, that they might not hear the songs of the tempters, and himself lashed to the mast, to prevent him from leaping into the sea, and giving himself up to the syrens. The valley of the stream becomes narrow, and assumes a terrific wildness of aspect; all cultivation and every impress of the hand of man disappears, and the bare and angry rocks seem to have palsied human energy. At this moment the Lurley rock advances into the current, and threatens vengeance on all who approach it. The stream foams, and worries, and rushes against the rock with the swiftness of an arrow; then rebounding, it forms a whirlpool that has been the grave of many that have listened to the sweet tones of the syrens. It is peculiarly fatal to the rafts and flat-boats that are met with in great numbers, and which, in former times, were the only means of navigating the river. The steamers that now rush and roar through the angry torrents of the Lurley

bid defiance to the wicked nymphs, and the latter have left the scene of their once cruel victories. Now and then, 'tis true, some unwary boatman approaches too near, and is caught in the whirlpool; and the poor old peasants again recite the many fatal contests, when they were young, between the boatmen of the Rhine and the nymphs of the Lurley. An old legend relates that they even tried to allure Satan with their charms. He was so enchanted with their tones that he came dangerously near to listen; unexpectedly he found himself being drawn in by some secret force; suddenly he sprang from their clutches, and struck a neighboring rock with such violence as to leave his impression on it. This must be true; for there are the marks of his body on the rock, pointed out to the curious to this day, even to the tail.

The peculiar form of the rocky shores at this point causes them to return a most perfect echo; and the peasants say that it is the spirits of the lost and departed that thus converse with men. In a little cabin on one of the shores lives an old man, supported by the steamboat companies, whose business is to fire guns and cannon, and play flourishes and symphonies on the horn, as the steamers pass. To enjoy this and the scene to its full extent, the boats actually halt in the stream for a few minutes—such is the German's love, such his adoration of nature. When will the steamers of the Hudson ever have any other object than to shoot from New York to Albany with the swiftness of the wind?

We pass a host of castles and ruins that time forbids us to mention, and hasten on to the stately castle of Schönberg, now in ruins, and embraced by the ivy and the vine. It looks down in sorrow on the seven rocks that here rise abruptly from the Rhine, and almost impede the vessel's course. They are called the Seven Sisters, and their story is full of sadness and full of warning. They were once beautiful, accomplished, and fascinating maidens; princes, counts, and sages became rivals for their hearts; but these they had steeled with adamant; they remained cold, relentless prudes. At last a desperate lover threw himself into the deep waters below their castle, and they were immediately transformed into seven rocks, hard as their own hearts. The fates placed them in the stream below, as a warning to the heartless of their sex. May they not warn in vain!

Not far above the Seven Sisters, and just on leaving the narrow valley of the "Castled Rhine," we perceive the old "Mouse Tower," famed for its story of the cruel Bishop Hatto. The Bishop was known far and wide in the valley of the Rhine for his severity and cruelty toward his people. He was a prelate of unbounded wealth, that he had pressed out of the bones and sinews of the simple peasants. With his riches he heaped up large quantities of corn, and then speculated in the staff of life. An evil day came, and the valley was visited with a bitter famine; the peasants came to Bishop Hatto, and bought as long as they had

money. But their stock was small, and soon ran out. His granaries remained filled with corn that would rescue them from death; and they came with humble prayers, and begged for a little to stay the hunger of their wives and children. He called them lazy beggars, and bid them begone; but the keen pangs of hunger at last turned their prayers into threats. He owned the tower in the center of the stream, and it had long been filled with corn, on account of its safety; to it he took refuge, and set fire to his well-filled barns before the eyes of the starving peasants. But a speedy revenge followed him. The army of mice that had lived in plenty about his barns now swam the stream, and attacked the Tower. The Bishop called on the peasants for help; but, instead of lending aid, they bade the mice good-speed in consuming his corn. When this was gone, they gnawed off his toe-nails, and tormented him with all the tortures of purgatory; at last he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and the mice ate up the Bishop alive. The tower took the name of the "Mouse Tower," and few pass it without thinking of the wicked Bishop Hatto and his richly deserved fate.

We now leave the "Castled Rhine," properly so-called, and enter the region of the Rheingau, a portion of the valley especially devoted to the culture of the grape, and known far and near for the excellence of its wines. The stream here turns gracefully to the south, presenting gentle acclivities to the midday sun, and guarding them by rocky walls from the cold and injurious winds of the north. Here, then, is the paradise of the grape, and here this much-sung fruit attains its greatest perfection. The scene is one of peculiar beauty, and in striking contrast with the wild region that we have just left. The vineyards rise on either bank in gentle terraces, and as far as the eye can reach is beheld a garden of vines, whose beauty is heightened by the graceful winding of the stream.

Among these vineyards is seen a busy and thriving population; and look where you will, you perceive the poet's "peasant girls, with deep blue eyes," trimming the vines or gathering the grapes. And then there are the pleasures of the vintage, which give rise to so many pleasing, strange, and queer customs, that pages heaped on pages would not do them justice. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that this paradise of the grape is a most favorite place of resort of all classes. In the summer season the English are there in swarms; and the English on the Rhine have long been the subject of wit and caricature. They are made up of all classes, that are afraid of making each other's acquaintance there, for fear they may be ashamed of such acquaintance on returning home. The nobles, therefore, turn up their noses at the gentry, and the gentry revenge themselves by turning up their noses at tradesmen, and these have nothing left but to turn up their noses at each other. As you will imagine, therefore, there is a very general cutting, and snubbing, and turning-up of noses;

and the result is, that they are all very impatient and excessively John-Bullish. They are noted for being provided with books, containing descriptions and engravings of the celebrated spots that they are visiting; and when passing these places, they generally look at the pictures instead of looking at them.

A very numerous class that are always found walking up and down the Rhine are the traveling journeymen. A mechanic in Germany, after completing his apprenticeship, is actually obliged to wander about for a few years, and work a little here and a little there, with a view to gaining experience in his profession, and seeing how other people do things besides those among whom he learned his trade. He keeps a book containing all his wanderings, and the places that he visits, and the persons for whom he works. These registers are made by the police in every place where he stops, and thus no deception or immorality can be practiced without having it marked against him. When he returns to his home, he presents this book, and applies for the privilege of settling in his business. These traveling journeymen are found in troops on the Rhine, each with his knapsack and staff, and, as they pass along and sing their favorite songs to "Old Father Rhine," as they term their much-loved river, the effect is peculiarly agreeable.

"On the Rhine, on the Rhine,
There grows the vine!"

Sometimes when the steamer is passing slowly up among the beauties of the stream, a large troop of them will gather on the bank, and, with uncovered heads, salute the passengers with the charming national melody:

"A blessing on the Father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine."

The steamer will slacken its pace, the passengers wave hats and handkerchiefs in recognition of the compliment, and, as they move slowly off, strike up, in their turn,

"A blessing on the Father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine."

We have seen their enthusiasm raised to such a pitch by these scenes and songs, that tears of joy would trickle down the cheeks of both men and women.

But would you enjoy the exquisite scenes of the Rhine, deeply, purely, and from the innermost recesses of the heart, then join a party of German students on a pedestrian tour along its banks; for they, and they only, drink deeply of the crystal spring—for they, and they only, quaff its sweetest draughts. They are truly the sons of the Muses, and truly appreciate the classic beauties of the Rhine; they have adorned its peaks, its hill-sides, and ruins with many a student's lay of imperishable beauty, with many a classic song of exquisite tenderness and sweet refinement. Would you give me generous, noble, warm-hearted, sympathizing friends, let me choose them among German students; would you give me the key that unlocks their

noble hearts, place me in their midst while on a tour along the Rhine. Listen to the deep and fervent sentiment that here fills their soul; see it overflow in rich, luxurious streams, to elevate and refine each other, and you will not be content to know the German student on the Rhine alone, but will ask to see him in his home. And the most classic home that he claims is one that lies within sight of his dear "Old Father Rhine:" it is Heidelberg, the favorite arena of the Muses, with its famed University—"Ruperto Carolina."

We dare not linger on the beauties of Heidelberg, nor treat of the smiling Neckar that quietly washes its banks; neither can we speak of the old castle that looks down into the quaint city, nor the ruins that, from the eminence behind the city, peep over its gables: these would lead us too far. We have come to see the students of Heidelberg, and know that they have chosen one of the delightful spots of earth for their home. Our first care is to obtain lodgings, that we may, for a time, be a fellow-student with them, make their home our home, their loves our loves. A good-natured, garrulous old dame has a lodging-house, full of furnished rooms, which she praises as the best students' apartments in Heidelberg. She takes us into the second story, shows a front room, that looks out on the market-place below, and on the castle and ruins above. She declares it to be a love of a place, and proves her declaration by opening a door into an adjoining apartment, and showing a cozy little room dedicated to the service of Morpheus, where one can snooze away the sweet hours of the night, and some of the morning, if one pleases; for she gives her word that Betty, the waiting-maid, never disturbs her lodgers till they ring their bells. And then she shows the queer old sofa which one can lounge upon after dinner, and tells how it passed down to her from her grandmother, and gravely remarks that the self-same sofa was in Heidelberg when the French bombarded the city. The chest of drawers is quite as antique; and so is the old looking-glass, with queer sorts of animals cut into the frame, with faces comical enough to make one laugh while shaving himself. And then she promises that Betty shall always keep the apartments in prime order, and bring up a nice breakfast in the morning, consisting of hot coffee, wheat-rolls, and butter; for this is a German student's breakfast, and this he eats in his room, taking his other meals in eating-houses away from his lodgings. She even adds that Betty shall black one's boots every day, as bright as a new penny, or even twice a day, should there be a party in the evening. For all these accommodations, our dear old Dame Garulity demands the modest sum of seven florins monthly, which, translated into Federal money, means two dollars and forty cents. We shake hands with each other, as a sign that the bargain is made; and in a few minutes our baggage arrives, and we are safely ensconced in furnished apartments in Heidelberg.

The old dame now starts on a tour through the house, and informs all the students in it what a clever young man has taken the front lodgings on the second floor, and curiosity is on the "*qui vive*" to know who he is. In a little while the students come in to welcome the new-comer; and if he receives them warmly, and appears to be a downright clever fellow, kiss him on each cheek, and so tickle his nose with their enormous moustache that he can hardly refrain from laughing during the operation. The stranger must now, in his turn, go round on a visit to all the rooms, and see their internal arrangements. Some of them are scanty enough; but there is always a good supply of large, musty books, scattered helter-skelter, and what never fails is a collection of pipes. These are generally arranged on a frame which hangs in the corner of the room, and the number of pipes is, to a certain extent, an indication of the number of the student's friends; for chums and bosom friends, on parting, present each other with pipes, as a souvenir of other days. Some of these pipes are very expensive. They are generally of porcelain, handsomely painted. They may cost ten, twenty, and even fifty dollars—the latter are, of course, most exquisite works of art, adorned with gold, silver, and tassels, with amber mouth-pieces. The business of making pipes for the students is quite a flourishing and profitable one in Heidelberg, and the stores are curiosities well worth a visit. These large collections of pipes in each student's apartment is destined for the accommodation of his guests, and ten or a dozen are frequently puffing away at one time; for the first thing that is offered to a visitor is a pipe and the tobacco-pouch or bag. These are also sometimes very beautiful and costly, and are generally presented by the student's sisters or admirers among the fair sex. Indeed, a German lass who has her eye on a German student has no small task to keep him supplied. She must, in the first place, make him a tobacco-pouch, and then embroider him a handsome cap to smoke in, and then follow embroidered slippers and dressing-gown. Some of these are very beautiful and valuable, and the German ladies excel in their production. But the student does full justice to them: for visit him when you will you find him enjoying their comforts.

The students have a peculiar dress by which they are always known; and this dress they wear at all times, as long as they remain students. It is not a uniform one; on the contrary, there is a great variety of shape, and color, and ornament, but still it can always be recognized as a student's dress from the cut of the coat. The latter is generally of black velvet, buttoned close up in the neck and hanging open below. They always wear caps, and the usual color is green, although it is much, or entirely, a matter of fancy. From below the cap generally streams an immensity of long hair, covering neck and shoulders; and the shirt-collar is turned over with a simple ribbon, or lying flat

without any ornament. Standing collars that endanger the ears are called by the students by the ominous name of "*father murderers*."

Thus decked out, it is astonishing how German students are respected and beloved. They have the strongest hold on the affections of the lower classes. In every revolution the workingmen place their brawny arms and courageous hearts at their disposal; and when on pedestrian tours through the country, as they always are during vacations, the German student is ever welcome in the peasant's cabin. It was once our good fortune to be of a party of thirty on a pedestrian tour through the Black Forest, and every village at which we halted over night turned out *en masse* to receive us; the peasant-girls welcoming us in their gayest attire, waiting on us at the table of the inns with the best of cheer, and clearing away chairs and tables out of the largest room for a merry time in the evening. In short, the students are adored by the humble and lowly, and are their guides and counselors when they rise against the oppressions of the proud and haughty.

Still it must be acknowledged that the students, in their way, are perfect tyrants in the smaller towns that depend on them for a support. Heidelberg generally numbers about one thousand, and these naturally consume much and spend a great deal. Many of the inhabitants, therefore, depend on them for a living, and the students take unlimited license in doing as they please. During our stay a tailor had treated a student shabbily in a business transaction, and they made him smart for it. They called a meeting, and declared him "*in ban*," as they term it. The poor tailor's fate was then sealed; no student dare employ him, and he was obliged to decamp. This system is carried out extensively, and especially against the brewers. If they do not behave with all suavity possible toward the students, they are declared "*in ban*," and, like Othello, their occupation's gone. Indeed, in the beginning of the season, the students generally appoint a committee to decide which brewer has the best beer, and the report of this committee materially affects a man's business. This also leads to an abuse; for the members of the committee are sometimes bribed by a brewer to report in favor of his beer. It is true, if this be found out, brewer and committee may expect a skinning; but it is the interest of both parties to keep mum, and they generally do so effectually.

We had scarcely left Heidelberg when this spirit of combination was practiced against the government, and, finally, with success. A few of the students had formed a democratic-republican club, and openly discussed the advantages of a republican form of government. All told, they did not number more than twenty or thirty; but the minister of police ordered the dean to close the doors on them. This flew like wildfire, and the whole body of students, though differing from them in opinion, were opposed to persecuting them for

opinion's sake. The whole thousand of them to a man declared that, if the order were not rescinded within three days, they would leave Heidelberg *en masse*. The government was determined to hold out; and, on the morning of the third day, the students assembled in full force, each equipped with knapsack and cane, and, having elected officers, marched out of Heidelberg in a body, with martial music and flying colors.

Old Dame Garrulity cried like a child at the loss of her lodgers, and many other dames fairly bawled; lodging-house keepers were up in arms, tailors appeared with shears, cobblers with awls, butchers with cleavers, and cooks with frying-pans. It was natural enough that all these individuals should take an interest in the students. The grieved inhabitants held a public meeting to deplore the measures that had driven off the students. Dame Garrulity spoke so much that no one else could get in a word edgewise, and all Heidelberg resolved that the government must let the students alone. And the government, in this dilemma, compromised the matter, and sent word to the students that all would be smoothed over, and they must return. They politely sent word back that they had found a village where the people were very glad to have them, and where wine and beer were excellent and cheap; they were enjoying themselves capitally, and would stay a little longer. At last, their frolic being over, they returned to Heidelberg, and Dame Garrulity and all her consorts turned out, with the implements of their profession, to escort them back to their early love. And still the students are saucy enough in all conscience toward these very people, and call them all "*Philistines*" and barbarians. Indeed, any one who wears a black hat and dress-coat, or trades and deals in any way to make a living, comes under the general term of "*Philistine*."

Among themselves they have a great many cliques and clubs which they only understand. Secret societies are strictly forbidden by the government, although they still exist. Formerly, students, on matriculating, were obliged to declare, under oath, that they would join no secret political societies; now it is merely required to offer the hand to the dean as a pledge, and the latter was demanded of our humble self.

These clubs frequently meet for convivial amusement, and then all students are divided into two grand classes, which they term Foxes and Fellows—Foxes are the juniors and Fellows the seniors. These meetings are termed a "*commerce*;" that is, a social commingling. They are devoted to singing student's songs, smoking, and beer-drinking. The ceremony of initiating a Fox is to make him drink a mug of beer without drawing breath, and till he can succeed in doing this he can never take part in a "*commerce*." When regularly installed as a Fox, his duty is to wait on any Fellow that may order him to do so, and thence the ditty with which they open a "*commerce*,"

which, whatever of elegant or poetical composition it may lack, has, at least, a fine sound of alliteration:

"Fox, Fox! come here, come here!
Fox, Fox! bring me some beer!"

For a year the poor Foxes have to submit to all sorts of indignities—such as bringing beer, cleaning pipes, filling them with tobacco, and running to and fro with a light whenever a Fellow's pipe happens to be extinguished. If a Fox revolts, he is delicately shaved with an iron hoop. But in a little while his turn comes as a Fellow, and then he glories in the same tricks that were played on him. This sounds like reveling and rioting to a high degree; but it is less so than it seems, for in all those social customs the German student remains a gentleman; for in amusements or pastimes, be they where they may, the German is always moderate. The German student considers his mug of beer as the heathen gods looked on Nectar, and believes that in the wreathing smoke that curls above his pipe he sees the true incentive to poetic inspiration.

We frankly condemn them, as vices that inevitably lead to excess, and benumb the most vital energies of body and mind. We have merely given a history of German student life; but are no defender of its excrescences. We sincerely believe, that if German students and the German people drank less beer and smoked less tobacco, they would have more civil and religious liberty, and develop more manly and noble energy. The German students are men, not because of these failings, but in spite of them.

The stern democratic character of our country, and the ceaseless activity required for success among a people so eminently practical and wonderfully energetic as ourselves, would cry aloud against such excesses, were they a concomitant of student life here. To the fact that these and other similar customs can find no root on our soil, we attribute the happy circumstance that places of fame and honor are generally filled with men of humble origin. The students of this country are engaged in some successful and honorable career at an age when German students are still devoted to their boyish pranks.

On an investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern, it was found that of one hundred and thirty works published by it in a given time, fifty had not paid their expenses. Of the eighty that did pay, thirteen only arrived at a second edition; but in most instances these second editions had not been profitable. In general it may be estimated, that of the books published, a fourth do not pay their expenses; and that only one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage. As respects pamphlets, we know we are within the mark when we affirm that not one in fifty pays the expenses of its publication.

"MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED!"

BY ORIA.

From earliest recollection those simple words have ever been to me thrillingly beautiful. How many visions float, dream-like, through the mind, when the Arabic salutation greets the ear! It is a strange blessing; yet full of sweet, deep feeling. And since my childish fingers penned them first, they come to my mind laden with fond and holy memories. I never read them on the printed page but they remind me of one whose life was like the autumn leaf—bright, beautiful, yet sadly brief.

I remember well, some years ago, on a bright day in May, I joined a gay company assembled to celebrate the return of the month of flowers. As I passed on among the joyous group, winning a smile from one, and a kindly greeting from another, my eye rested on a fair face unknown to me, and yet there was something in it that interested me and riveted my attention. To the passing observer it might have appeared to wear the hue of health; but when I marked the brightness of the large, dark eyes, and the transparency of the delicate skin, I felt that her spirit was not long for earth.

When I became acquainted with the gentle girl, and learned her history, my heart was pained to think of the ties of affection ere long to be severed. She had left a happy home, amid the beautiful scenery of the northern lakes, to seek in a warmer clime the health denied her there.

Months passed on, and still she lingered with us, participating in all our amusements, joyous in her brief convalescence, blessing the soft breezes of our sunny land, clinging to the hope that she would ere long recover. Such hope, alas! was vain. The seal of the destroyer was upon her brow; but, though her slight form wasted daily away, she could not believe that she must die. The world was all too beautiful, with but the light of sixteen summers on her brow, to close her eyes on its loved scenes forever. She liked her friends to be around her; and our hearts were wrung with anguish, when she would tell her plans for future pleasure; for she said she knew she should be better when the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang sweetly as of yore.

She would sometimes ask for flowers, and, with a smile half playful, weave for each delicate bud a history, as bright and pure as her own gentle spirit; and we would listen to those fairy imaginings, weeping to think how soon the sweet voice would be hushed.

At last she felt that life was passing away, and she yearned for her childhood's home—she longed for the loved voices that blessed her long ago to soothe her dying hour. We tried to dissuade her; but all in vain—she was impatient to be gone. Gently they bore her from the fair scenes it now pained her to look upon.

She passed, like all things beautiful, away; but

not in her early home was drawn her parting breath. In the cemetery of the Crescent City, among the proud monuments of wealth, she rests alone, and a simple tablet records the stranger's name.

I never hear those touching words but I echo them in my inmost heart; and when I see the sufferer cheered by the hope of regaining health in a southern land, it makes me sad; for a fair form flits before me, with mournful-pleading eyes, and I would urge them to turn to the light of home, while her sweet voice seems murmuring in my ear, "May you die among your kindred!"

AMONG THE PINES.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

In the solemn woods,
As the day declines,
Oft I stray alone,
Listening to the pines.
Solemn, soft, and low,
As the light grows dim,
Falls upon my ear,
Pines! your vesper hymn.

Sweet that strain to me,
As I musing stand,
As if heaven to earth
Sent a harper band.
Then the music dies;
On the evening air
Gentle murmurs float,
Like a chanted prayer,
Flowing sadly from
Hearts oppressed with fears;
While the eyes o'erflow
With repentant tears.

Not the organ's peal,
In cathedral dim,
Leads my thoughts to God,
Like your plaintive hymn.

'Tis his breath that stirs
Every rustling bough;
'Tis his voice I hear
In each murmur low,
Saying, "Bend the knee,
Feeble child of clay;
In this solitude
He will hear thee pray."

Then in feeble words
I send up my cry;
And that cry is heard
Far above the sky.
Peace flows in my heart;
Hushed are all my fears;
And my eyes are dim,
But with grateful tears.

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PICTURE OF AN ENGLISH FARM-HOUSE.

BY HAMCORN.

I wish, reader, to take you to my father-land, far over the briny ocean. On the map of England you will find a river called the Wye, rising in Wales, but having its chief course through some of the English counties. It is a beautiful stream. If you wish to see nature clothed with loveliness, pass down the Wye, and you will confess its rural scenery to be unsurpassed. Standing at its source, you will find yourself amid the wild mountains of Wales, and far up the steep sides of the snow-capped Plinlimmon. From thence you will track the gushing torrent, now leaping over the rocks, now hiding itself beneath the overhanging cliffs, and now dashing, foaming, sparkling along its steep and obstructed way. Soon the scenery becomes changed; the country is less rough, and by the time you reach the town of "the Hay," on the borders of Breconshire, the wild mountain torrent, as if tired of its own impetuosity, subsides into one of the most placid and beautiful of rivers, and rests amid a succession of the most enchanting landscapes. Now it will lead you past a neat English cottage; then by an ancient farm-house; then under a hill on which stands the princely mansion of some nobleman, or whose summit is crowned by the decaying walls of some ivy-mantled ruin! Now you will pass a rocky defile; then along a range of gently sloping hills; then through a succession of fields, lawns, orchards, meadows, and groves! Now you will glide by some quiet village, or larger town, or will anchor beneath the walls of some ancient city resting on its shore. Hereford is the principal city on the Wye, and is called a "maiden city," because it has never been taken in war. It is a place of considerable importance, having a population of some twelve thousand. It is very ancient, and though a few of the streets have been widened and modernized, the most remain narrow and crooked, and many of the buildings are of antique structure, and have a dingy appearance. Its venerable cathedral, dedicated to St. Ethelbert, is one of the finest specimens of ancient church architecture in Britain. Its Castle Green, once, as its name imports, the parade-ground of the fortress, which has long been totally destroyed, now a public promenade, is one of the prettiest spots I ever beheld. The old-fashioned long cannon of two centuries ago are still mounted, the rusty guardians of the place. A monumental shaft, erected to the memory of Admiral Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, occupies the center, and smooth gravel walks, shaded by lofty elms, invite the inhabitants of the pent-up city to healthful and pleasant exercise. How often, in the evening, have I sat and watched the busy perambulators. Here is one dressed in deep mourning, moving slowly along. Ah! it is a widow; look at her pale face and downcast eye, and mark the sure expression of her grief! There is a boy; as he passes you can see he has been weeping! Who is he? He is some mother's darling who has left his home, and is here to learn some active calling. Now he

thinks of home, and the thought forced out those tears! There are two walking slowly together. Their conversation is in whispers, yet you perceive that it is earnest and rapid. It is something they would not have us know; for as they approach us they cease their talking and pass us smilingly; but see, they quickly resume it again! I know what it is; they are lovers; they are painting flowers that will quickly fade; fanning hopes that will soon expire. Such is life at best. But we have no longer time to stay, nor can we now tell you of the many other interesting sights and scenes in Hereford, though, if you like, we may revisit it hereafter. Let us at present cross that old stone bridge of some six arches that here spans the placid Wye, and we will travel some seven miles to an old English farm-house, which stands near the roadside, at that distance from town. Perhaps you have never seen an English farm-house; if not we will try, for your sake, to describe this one of which we speak. Passing down a narrow lane, leading you off the main road, we come to a number of buildings—barns, stables, and outhouses of various sorts—occupying three sides of a spacious, square farm-yard. This we enter by a heavy gate, and, on an eminence, immediately before us stands the house, inclosed from the yard by a small fence of palings. It is a strange affair, at least to an American eye, and almost baffles description. It is a cluster of buildings, or, rather, of rooms, erected at different times, and without reference to order or harmony in their construction. It is a strange disorder of gables and side walls; of buildings of one story and of more; of steep roofs of heavy stone tile, and of different height and inclination; of windows of different shapes and sizes; and of huge chimneys issuing forth their breath of smoke. Some parts are of brick, some of frame, some of stone, but all are alike heavy; the walls are thick, enormous beams and timbers are used throughout, and the window and door-frames are of proportionable size and strength. If we enter the interior, we shall discover the same disorder in the internal arrangement. No two rooms are alike. Scarcely two floors are level with each other; and rooms, allotted to purposes the most diverse, are in strange proximity. There is no harmony about it except it be the harmony of disagreement. Let us enter and explore. Opening that huge front door, the bars, and bolts, and strength of which causes a shudder to come over us, lest it should be the door of some dark dungeon we are about to pass, we find ourselves in a long, dark, low passage sufficiently gloomy to confirm our worst forebodings. We will leave the old door open that we may have light, and some chance of egress, should it be necessary to escape. Here is a door to the right. What room is that? A cell? a parlor? There, the door is open, and we are in a low room, the only light in which is afforded by a small casement window. Before us are heavy "leads," as they are called—troughs of lead, resting on strong frames, and containing the pure white milk, which they there keep in this manner. In one corner is the cheese-press, and around, upon the shelves, are cakes of cheese, old and new, "best" and "common." In that large cedar vessel are the pretty printed rolls of sweet butter, prepared daily for the market; and yonder, in the other corner, is the big barrel churn in

which that butter is made. Strange, indeed, but true, the first door we came to led us into the dairy. We will go on. Further along the passage is another door. We open it; but the only light we have are the few sickly beams that struggle past us, and serve to relieve the otherwise profound darkness. By their assistance we discover long ranges of barrels and hogsheds, containing the cider and beer used in large quantities by the English farmers. The reader must remember that they have no idea of abstaining from the use of these beverages; and that they suppose a breakfast of "toast and cider," or some "bread and cheese" with a mug of ale, to be far more suited to a workingman than the more effeminate drinks of tea and coffee, with the less solid food we use. Certainly, though in the habitual use of these drinks they seldom become intoxicated by them; but this is no argument for their use, and as we long ago "pledged perpetual hate to all that can intoxicate," we will record our continued disapproval, close the "cellar" door, and pass on. We now enter a door nearly opposite, and find ourselves in the "kitchen," a name applied to the large room which, in most English farm-houses, answers the double purpose of a sitting and eating room. "Quite significant," the reader will think, "to have the cellar so handy." Quite so, we reply, for English custom always demands "something to drink" to be offered to every visitor. We will talk of that hereafter, and shall now examine the apartment. The floor is of large flag-stones, which, though kept scrupulously clean, would undoubtedly be too hard and cold to please our American ladies. A large fireplace stands at one side, in which has been fitted a modern cast-iron grate, on which a cheerful coal fire is now burning. On the high mantelpiece is standing a quantity of brass ware, candlesticks, etc., all kept highly polished. On the open shelves against the walls are placed an array of earthenware, plates, dishes, mugs, pitchers, and bowls, all arranged in regular order, and having much the appearance of a miniature China shop. The furniture of the apartment is scant and old. There is the "big table," a cumbersome oaken affair, so strong and massive that no weight of luxuries could make it groan beneath them. How many cheerful parties have gathered round that board! That old clock, with its long case and antique face, has marked the flight of time for many rolling years. Those chairs, with high, straight backs, and hard oak seats, have been in use a century. That curiously carved cradle rocked the great-grandfather of the child who now is slumbering in it. That old "settle," a huge bench-shaped seat, with a back of tightly-grooved boards reaching higher than the head, has kept the cold air away from those who have seated themselves before the fire in it, from time immemorial. Looking around the room we see a number of doors of different sizes, and, on opening them, we discover them to be the entrances of sundry cupboards, and pantries, and closets, in which are stowed away a thousand nameless things. One large door in the corner opens into the parlor, a small room, but better lighted, and better furnished than any we have seen. It is floored with ash. A small grate and mantle-piece, over which is suspended a large looking-glass, is at the extreme end. A modern sofa, and

some dozen hair-bottomed chairs are standing around. A mahogany center-table is in one corner, and under the window stands a large dining-table of the same material. A bureau and bookcase make up the furniture of the room. It is carpeted and papered; and here only, perhaps, in the whole house would an American feel at home. Returning through the kitchen, and to the passage, we pass, on the right, the stairs door, to see what is beyond a door at the end of the passage. Ascending a few steps we open the door and see pots, and kettles, and bake-pans, and a kneading-trough, and tubs, and tins, and an oven, and all the paraphernalia of cooking, scrubbing, and washing. A door to the left reveals a yard, and we hear the rattling of the pump, and the splashing of water; but as we desire no greater familiarity with these, though, by passing through, we might see the garden which is just beyond, we venture no further exploration of the "back kitchen," as they call it, but shut the door, and, returning, venture up the crooked steep steps leading to the "upper regions." Here we are lost amid a labyrinth of passages, doors, and chambers. We find most of the low rooms, for we are near the roof, and nearly all the rooms are finished like attics, with windows built in the roof, called "dormant windows;" we find them, we say, comfortably furnished. One, by way of eminence, is styled the "best room." It is that in which visitors are placed, and is only "best" because better furnished than the others; the bedstead being finer, the bed softer, and the linen and blankets in greater profusion. It is sometimes decidedly the *worst* room. Being for a length of time unoccupied and unaired, the visitor, in its damp air and clothes, takes a cold that it requires months of attention to cure, and often bears the victim to the grave. One other up-stairs room shall conclude our description. It is the "store room." Here all and singular of the articles not in actual service are stowed away. What a world of curiosity is found in one of these "store rooms!" Old spinning-wheels, the "pianos" of past ages; cast-off hats, caps, and garments; old papers, pamphlets, and books, with things nondescript, whose very use could not be guessed at; articles of every kind of material—wood, iron, tin, brass, cotton, woollen, and some made of no one knows what—things of every shade and color, from black to black again, all heaped up in indescribable confusion, make up the contents of this wondrous room. How we used to love to rummage here, and how we used to run when we would hear the mandatory exclamation "What are you doing, sir? Come down directly!"

Such, then, is this farm-house. To form a correct idea of such a building, you must unite the rude style of five centuries ago with the more chaste of the present day. To show its exterior, you must collect a dozen of the dissimilar buildings of a country village, and huddle them all together in any possible manner. To represent its interior you must cut door-ways and passages wherever necessary, and suffer the rooms to remain as they now are. To have its furniture you must buy an old thing here, get some bungling mechanic to throw together some of the roughest work imaginable, and intersperse a few polished articles from a city shop among the rest. The cause of all this disorder is apparent. The original building was

small, and, in time, more room was required for the families of the successive occupiers. These, instead of tearing away the old buildings and erecting a new one sufficiently large, as we would have done, from time to time made such enlargement of, and additions to, the buildings already there, and in such a shape and position, and of such a size as suited the fancy, purpose, ability, or convenience of the builders. Hence, the peculiar character of these novel structures. The variety of furniture may be accounted for much in the same way; it being purchased at different times, and remaining mostly in the house.

The above description will not apply to all English farm-houses. No two are alike, nor can it be so expected when they take their forms so much from accidental circumstances. The majority, however, will be found equally unhandy; equally out of the rules of architectural order; equally lacking any regular and convenient plan of arrangement. Yet such buildings are associated with an Englishman's idea of "home." In these buildings generation after generation have lived. For centuries they have been the family homesteads. In most cases the forefathers of the present occupiers, for time lost in the shadowy past, have there first seen the light; have there spent their youth, manhood, and age, and from them have been successfully borne to the neighboring churchyard, where their plain gravestones, moss-grown and almost effaced, still tell of their existence. There the present occupiers were born. Their children are now sporting around the old paternal home; and it can not be wondered at that an Englishman's notions of comfort, of what is life, is happiness and contentment, should be thus associated, or that they should continue to reside in these old residences, not dreaming of or wishing for improvement. Could these old walls speak, what tales of marvel, of love, of happiness, aye, and of hate, and misery, and pain would they relate! But they can not. With the several actors in life's scenes these tales have been buried in the silence of death, or, at least, they survived but a few succeeding years. They are now gone. All that now remains to tell us that those people of the past lived, hoped, enjoyed, loved, feared, or suffered as we do now, is the simple announcement on those stones, "departed this life," and these walls in which they passed their days. Nor are these walls immortal. Like all other things, in spite of human care, they will crumble into dust. The thought makes my heart feel sad, yet it is the sadness of hope. It tells me that time is rolling on; that it has already borne many from hence to eternity, and that soon its ceaseless current will bear me thither also. Reader, let us be ready!

I have you now at an English farm-house. If you are not already too much tired with my tedious tale, I may hereafter give you some more "inklings" in reference to the habits, domestic and social, religious and moral of the inhabitants. For the present, farewell!

SOUTHEY was stiff, sedate, and so wrapped up in a garb of almost asceticism, that Charles Lamb once stammeringly told him that "he was m-made for a m-m-monk, but somehow or other the co-cowl didn't fit."

THRUSHES AND BLACKBIRDS.

THRUSHES and blackbirds are the popular songsters of the English woods, fields, and hedgerows. The rapturous song of the nightingale is heard only in the southern counties of England, and rarely penetrates northward; but the dusky merle and sweet-toned mavis penetrate to the remotest valleys of the Highlands of Scotland. The nightingale is a peerless bird; its song is full of the sweet south; but for homely, every day, night and morning music, commend us to the blackbird and thrush. See! there the blackbird, disturbed at our coming, shoots from the tall tree on which he has been perched, and with a *chink, chink*, darts into the cover of the wood. Now you hear his rich, mellow notes as he sings to his mate, who answers him from afar. Then the song is taken up by another bird, and from tree to tree the melody resounds. As you pass by the tall hedge-side, lo! he is there again, with his hurried chiding notes. He glides among the bushes, and flies down the other side. Ha! there he is again—his nest must be at hand. Now he is perched on a lofty branch not far off. Watch him; he has just alighted. Now, see how gracefully he bends forward, throws up his tail, jerking it at intervals; flaps his wings, then flits to another branch, where he performs the same motions, or alights on the wall, hops along, suddenly stops, jerks his tail, shakes his wings, and then commences singing, pouring his soul through his throat in melody.

The blackbird sings as if in the complete consciousness of superiority. He sings "in full-throated ease"—not hurriedly, but sedately and leisurely, like a practiced singer. His notes are sweet, loud, mellow, and varied, inspiring pleasant thoughts and fancies. His *repertoire* is highly varied. His staves are rarely repeated; his strain, like the long voluntary of an accomplished musician, running from theme to theme in endless variety. You may watch and listen for an hour—still the theme will be sustained; and in the neighboring groves and woods, many rival songsters raise their voices together, and delight you with their alternate strains. Why do birds sing? Not to amuse their mates; for the blackbird sings in winter, when he is not yet mated. Not to beguile solitude, for the blackbird now is not solitary. He sings as all birds sing—out of perfect happiness and perfect health, instinctively pouring forth his melody in joy, and gratitude, and love.

The blackbird sings all the day long; he begins long before the sun has peeped above the horizon, and he prolongs it far into the gray of evening. Before the first rays of the sun shoot across the eastern sky; while the twilight still peeps in through the chamber window, the blackbird is awake, and his song echoes through the woods. Before the sun is up, his song is harsh and screaming, consisting of repetitions of a rather unmusical strain. Such is the sound he emits at about half-past two in the early mornings of July. This continues for a quarter of an hour or more, and his voice is not heard again till sunrise, when the song is renewed in a bolder, louder, and more joyous strain, gradually swelling out into fuller and richer melody. But it is in the evening, when the sun is going down red in the west, especially after a brisk shower of rain, that the blackbird is in

his fullest, richest, most melodious voice. Then he pours long, mellow, liquid notes through his throat, and makes the woods and groves delicious by his music. The blackbird even seems to regard the summer rains with pleasure; for he may be heard singing with his full power during a heavy shower of rain, while the other songsters of the woods are mute.

The blackbird hovers about in the neighborhood of corn-fields, hedges, gardens, and orchards. He is a bird of civilization, and is rarely found at a distance from man. You do not meet him in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills. But there, as well as in the haunts of the blackbird near the habitations of man, you will often meet with the song-thrush, or mavis, who flies about with his music, and chants it far and near—on the hill-side, in the rocky glen, or by the farmer's humble cottage. The thrush abounds as far north as the stormy Hebrides, and his music is as rich and sweet in that wild region, as in the sunniest parts of the south. Macgillivray, in his fine work on British Birds, says of the thrush in the Hebrides—"There, in the calm summer evening, such as for placid beauty far exceeds any that I have elsewhere seen, when the glorious sun is drawing toward the horizon, and shedding a broad gleam of ruddy light on the smooth surface of the ocean; when the scattered sheep, accompanied by their frolicsome lambkins, are quietly browsing on the hill; when the broad-winged eagle is seen skimming along the mountain ridge, as he winds his way toward his eyry on the far promontory; when no sound comes on the ear, save at intervals the faint murmur of the waves rushing into the caverns and rising against the faces of the cliffs; when the western breeze, stealing over the flowery pastures, carries with it the perfume of the wild thyme and white clover; the song of the thrush is poured forth from the summit of some granite block, shaggy with gray lichens, and returns in softer and sweeter modulations from the sides of the heathy mountains. There may be wilder, louder, and more marvelous songs; and the mocking-bird may be singing the requiem of the red Indian of the Ohio, or cheering the heart of his ruthless oppressor, the white man of many inventions; but to me it is all-sufficient, for it enters into the soul, melts the heart into tenderness, diffuses a holy calm, and connects the peace of earth with the transcendent happiness of heaven. In other places the song of the thrush may be lively and cheering; here, in the ocean-girt solitude, it is gentle and soothing; by its magic influence, it smooths the ruffled surface of the sea of human feelings, as it floats over it at intervals with its varied swells and cadencies, like the perfumed wavelets of the summer wind."

The thrush, or the mavis—as the Scotch call it—is the nightingale of the north. His song is loud, clear, and mellow; generally sprightly, but at times tender and melting. Like the nightingale, it has a dash of melancholy in its song; sometimes it is wild, and always diversified. It consists of a succession of notes, repeated at short intervals with variations, and protracted for a long time. Some thrush in an adjoining wood answers the singer, the one commencing where the other leaves off; and often many may

be heard singing together, filling the whole glen or valley with their warblings. The thrush sings at all seasons, and in all weathers; it is most musical in spring and summer, particularly in the early morning and about sunset; and, like the blackbird, it even sings during rain, taking its stand in some sheltered spot, under the cover of a projecting crag or stone, for hours, perhaps, amusing itself with repeating its never-tiring modulations.

In summer, the thrush prefers the woods and hill-sides, whither it betakes itself after it has reared its spring brood. But in winter, it returns to the neighborhood of human dwellings, and you may there often see it shooting from tree to tree, or leaping upon the ground, in search of the worms and larvæ upon which it chiefly feeds.

Have you seen a thrush's nest? Come, and I will show you one. Push aside the leaves of the branches of that thick hedge, and peep down; there, upon her little round dwelling—a nest made of slender twigs, roots, grass, and moss, lined inside with a thin layer of mud—there sits the mother bird, her head and tail only projecting over the nest. She sits close, and is difficult to be disturbed. Sometimes you may even take her, she sits so close. But approach your hand quickly, you suddenly stir the branches, and she flies off her seat down among the bushes with a *chink*—and then, in the bottom of her nest, you see five beautiful light bluish-green eggs, spotted with brown, especially at their larger end. You move off, and the bird at once skips back to her seat again. The blackbird builds similarly, in a hawthorn, holly, willow, or honeysuckle, and its eggs are usually of the same number, only darker in color.

The thrush prolongs his song far into the night, and his notes seem to become fuller and richer as the sun goes down the horizon, and at length sinks in the far west. The lark is up before him in the morning—for the lark is the first of all the birds to greet the coming day; but long after the lark has sunk into his nest, the thrush is still pouring forth his music in the woods or by the hill-sides. What Keats has sung of the nightingale, may not inappropriately be addressed to the thrush—unquestionably the most beautiful of all the British songsters:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oftentimes hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy-lands forlorn."

THE STEP-MOTHER'S DREAM.

MARTHA HOWETT had succeeded, after much trouble and confusion, in getting the children started for school. There were four of them, under the age of ten years. Martha was not their mother. She had died two years before, and for eighteen months these children had been left to the care of such persons as their father could get to keep his house. During this time, all family government had been subverted; and the children, naturally active, restless, and impatient of restraint, had acquired habits of disobedience, and a

contempt for all authority, which rendered their future training exceedingly difficult. Martha had entered the family as the wife of their father, with the determination to be a good mother to these little orphans. They were pretty and interesting, and she thought she could love them, and that it would be a pleasant task to train their young and docile spirits in the paths of wisdom and holiness. But she had no conception of the task on which she had entered. She was unacquainted with children, and knew little of the "line upon line and precept upon precept," which is necessary in training them; and when she found them disobedient, self-willed, and ungrateful, she felt like giving up in despair.

She had succeeded, I said, in getting the children started for school. William, the oldest, had refused to go, preferring to join a party of boys who were going a fishing; and it was not till after he had been severely punished that he had submitted to her authority. It was during this encounter, that the boy had told her she was like all step-mothers, a tyrant, and he meant to run away when he should be a little older.

This remark had wounded her most deeply. She seated herself in a large arm-chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept the bitterest tears which had ever been wrung from her heart. Gradually she grew calm, and then she resolved to examine herself closely. She looked back over the few months during which she had the care of those young immortals, and inquired if she had always mingled firmness, wisdom, and tenderness, in all her conduct toward them. Had she shown a mother's forbearance toward their faults, and the warm and overflowing tenderness, by which a mother conquers and controls the heart of her child? Her heart accused her of many things. Not of an intention to do wrong; but she had neglected, in prayerful confidence, to seek help of God in this great work. She had not guarded her own spirit, but had suffered the impatience she felt to manifest itself in her actions. She felt afraid that she had especially failed in regard to the oldest. He was a warm-hearted, but impatient and high-spirited child, and gave her more trouble than all the rest. She sometimes felt something like aversion toward him, in her heart, and she acknowledged to herself, that this might have often shown itself in her manner and tone, if not in words. With bitter self-abasement, she knelt and prayed for strength and wisdom from above. She rose up with a new purpose, to devote her life to the work before her, but with many misgivings, lest when she had done all her labor should be in vain.

Exhausted by the intensity of her emotions, she threw herself on a bed, and soon went to sleep. She seemed to be standing at the foot of a high and rugged mountain whose top, above the clouds, was bathed in perpetual sunshine, and glorious with the beauties of an unfading spring. She saw, on the side of the mountain, a straight and narrow path, which led directly to the top, but entering it, or crossing it in a thousand directions, were other paths, wide and less precipitous, and seemingly more pleasant; but as she traced their courses on the mountain side, she observed that not one of them led to the top; some terminated in dark and gloomy valleys, where the

rays of the sun never seemed to fall; others on the verge of precipices, which overhung yawning chasms, whose fearful depth the eye could not measure.

She lifted her eyes toward the top of the mountain, and saw amid the groves of evergreen, trees loaded with delicate and fragrant flowers, beings of angelic beauty, and heard strains of soft, enchanting music. She stood gazing with wonder and admiration on the strange spectacle before her, when she felt a soft hand touch her own, and looking down, she saw her four children standing beside her. Again she raised her eyes to the summit of the mountain, and saw amid the shining throng, one whom she knew to be the mother of the little ones at her side. She fixed on them a look of melting tenderness, mingled with anxiety and sorrow; and then she heard her name, and bid her lead them up to her.

Immediately she resolved to commence the ascent. Calling the children, she pointed out to them the narrow way in which they were to walk; but they could not see it. She directed their eyes to the top of the mountain, and told them of all its glories; but they saw nothing. Then she entered the path and bade them follow her. She proceeded a short distance, and looking back she saw that instead of obeying her, they were wandering on the side of the mountain, chasing the butterflies over slippery steepes, and gathering flowers on the brinks of frightful precipices.

A feeling of discouragement came over her, and she was about to sit down in despair, when she raised a glance to the top of the mountain, and beheld the mother leaning forward with outstretched arms, and all the host of shining ones regarded her with deepest anxiety. She felt a new impulse, and bringing back the little wanderers from their dangerous paths with gentle care, she placed their feet again in the narrow way. Wearily and cautiously she proceeded upward, sometimes leading them by the hand, sometimes carrying them in her arms up the steepest ascents. If for a moment she relaxed her vigilance, they were sure to turn aside into the forbidden paths. Sometimes a moment's indifference cost her hours of sorrow; for the wanderer was not always easily reclaimed. Those paths were wide and flowery, and easy to the traveler, because they led downward, and those who had become accustomed to them found the narrow way disagreeable, and felt no strength for the toilsome upward progress. Sometimes when she was weary, and ready to faint, she looked upward and caught a glimpse of the sweet and glorious faces turned so lovingly toward her; and when she had overcome some obstacle, or escaped some danger, she heard strains of triumphant music floating down the mountain side. Thus she was encouraged and strengthened.

As she proceeded onward, she discovered with joy that the children grew stronger and stronger, that they began to discern the right path, and to catch glimpses of the top of the mountain. Then they walked firmly by her side, or preceded her in the path. The path also seemed to grow less and less steep and difficult, and the temptations to turn aside from it less frequent and dangerous. At last she stood on the mountain top, and heard the songs of joyous welcome; and as she stretched out her hand to

receive a glittering crown, she awoke. The children had returned from school. She heard their shouts in the yard, and rising up with a smile she went forth to meet them.

It was but a dream, yet she felt its influence for years. When trials came she remembered the mother's outstretched arms, and the loving and anxious looks of those angel-faces which she saw in her vision, and she was patient; and that patience in due time brought its own reward. The children began to catch her spirit, and to imitate her example, as step by step she led them upward. When she looks on them now, the blessings and ornaments of the society in which they move, she feels that the best years of her life were nobly and profitably spent. And when they shall meet on the *top of the mount*, how will she rejoice that strength and wisdom was given her to train them for the skies!

THE RIVER.

BY CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

River! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping:
Over rocks, by rose banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
Broad and deep and still as Time,
Seeming still yet still in motion,
Speeding onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

CHILD FEARS.

CHILDREN are very imaginative beings; their fancy is easily excited; and little serves to strike their young minds with awe. Susceptibility to impressions of all kinds is especially characteristic of children. The inlets to feeling are vividly sensitive in them; and during the first five years of life, the child perhaps learns more of the qualities of objects, their relations, ideas about them, impressions of things, and receives more lasting impulses to conduct and character, than he does during the whole of his future life.

Unhappily, this keen susceptibility of children to impressions is often taken advantage of, greatly to their injury. Wise and careful training of youth requires much forbearance, patience, and good guidance. The best culture is slow and gradual; but impatient nurses and educators can not wait. They foolishly expect children to display a temper and wisdom which age and experience have not yet enabled themselves to acquire. Their mothers are too

often hasty and passionate. If the child will not be "good," he is slapped on the back, or is threatened with "the Old Black Man." And very often, the last powerfully affects the imagination, and, by exciting the fears of the child, subdues him when nothing else will.

But the quiet which is produced by the terror of "Bogie," is obtained at a fearful sacrifice. Every unfounded fear excited in the mind of a child, is a stab inflicted on its moral nature. The child is terrified, it is true, and is quiet for the moment; but the cause of the querulousness has not been removed while you have planted terror in his mind, and thereby made an impression upon his character which life will not efface. Superstitious fear has been engendered to a greater or less extent, which will continue to affect that child's being, even after he has grown up into manhood. But what is still worse, the child by-and-by learns that "Bogie" is a fiction; for the more Bogie is threatened, the more he doesn't come. In fact, he discovers that all the while you have been threatening him with the "Black Man" and "Bogie," it has only been a series of lies you have been telling him. And thus, not only have you educated the child in superstition, but also in falsehood.

Idiotcy has not unfrequently resulted from terrors practiced on children—first there is a fit, then brain disease, ending in idiotcy. Servants—who are generally a little-educated class, and bring into the houses of their employers the domestic methods of terrifying which have been practiced in their own humble, and it may be ill-regulated, homes—servants, we say, are very apt to resort to terror in dealing with children, and rely mainly on the "Black Man" and the "bad place" in subduing them into quiet. They are sometimes too fond of frightening the young things with goblin stories, and tales of witches and ghosts, which cling to the child's imagination and cause him much after misery. No careful mother will expose her child to the risk of such inhumanity being practiced upon its young and susceptible mind; for if she do, she may as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off all further care of her child's up-bringing—as any good influences which she may exercise will be effectually thwarted, and the child's nature irretrievably poisoned, by the more powerful malign influences at work in her absence.

Pictures are often of a kind to excite great terror in the minds of children, and those of a frightful kind ought carefully to be kept out of their way. A child never forgets the pictures with which he has been familiar in early years. They speak to him through the eye, which at that time is the main inlet of knowledge; and the impressions then made are of the most abiding kind. Perhaps Charles Lamb has told the story of the impressiveness of pictures on the child's mind, better than any one else, so we quote his words:

"From my childhood, I was extremely sensitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with

which it abounds—one of the Ark in particular, and another of Solomon's Temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. . . . That detestable picture!

"I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my age—so far as my memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful specter. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—O that old man covered with a mantle! I owe—not my midnight terrors, but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a *sore* bedfellow when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night—if I may use so bold an expression—awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice when they wake screaming, and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves!"

We speak from experience when we say, that children who have been kept out of the way of such superstitious terrifyings, will readily mount any stairs, enter any room, and go as sweetly to sleep alone in the dark as in the broad daylight. Because the dark has to them no fears; and that it has fears to any children, is, we are persuaded, entirely the result of bad training, of ghost-stories told by foolish servants, or still more foolish mothers, or, what is worse, by fathers, when foolish, by far the most foolish of all. Jean Paul tells us, in his autobiography, that he acquired his superstitious horror of ghosts and the dark from the stories told by his father to the children. "The fear of ghosts," he says, "was not so much created as nourished by my father himself. He spared us not one of all the spiritual appearances of which he had heard, and even told us some which he believed himself to have experienced. Many children, who are physically timid, appear courageous against spirits, but this is merely from want of imagination. On the contrary, a child like myself trembled before the *invisible* world, which his fancy formed and peopled; but he arms himself easily against the *visible*, as this never reaches the depth and greatness of the invisible." He tells us how, on one occasion, his brother took with him to bed a ghost-story book, and there read it for two long hours, during which, Richter says, "I lay with my head under the bedclothes, in the cold agony of fear of ghosts, and saw in the darkness the lightning from the cloudy heaven of spirits; and it seemed to me as

if man himself was spun round by spirit-worms." Even in the daytime, the boy, under the influence of this undefined terror, could not get rid of the fear of ghosts, but fancied they pursued him every time he crossed the church-yard alone! Such are the horrors which these absurd stories inflict on the minds of imaginative children.

Equally prejudicial to the young mind are the gloomy views of death, which nurses, servants, and mothers, often teach to children—sometimes to terrify, and sometimes, perhaps, with the intention of instructing them religiously. They will learn the stern truth soon enough, as they grow older. At least, let us not clothe "the grim king" in fictitious terrors, and dress him up as a bugaboo to frighten innocent babies with. Rightly considered, there is nothing frightful in death; and it is very often the terror of it implanted in our minds in childhood, which causes it to haunt us as a horror during life. But children can only understand death in the most partial possible light, and therefore it is better merely to let them know the fact, without the addition of the fictitious horrors, leaving the explanations of these, and of other deep problems of our being, to maturer years. They will then learn that death is a wise arrangement—that it is a condition of early life; and he who has lived wisely, virtuously, and religiously, will come to regard death like sleep, its brother, as only a welcome rest, a gentle dissolving repose, which is to herald in a brighter coming day.

In a word, children should be taught to *fear nothing but the doing of wrong*. Any other fear—of palpable or impalpable objects—is mischievous and full of future suffering. Children during fear push their fancy to the verge of insanity. Terror is indeed a short madness. The nurse, or the mischievous play-fellow, calls out to the timid child, in the dusk, "See!" "Look at that!" "He's coming!" "Hear what he says!" and the child shrieks in fright. That shriek may prolong its echoes along the child's entire future life. Cardinal de Retz has said that fear enfeebles and distorts the understanding more than all the other emotions of the mind; but terror, which is sudden or intensified fear, for the time entirely paralyzes the understanding, and may even annihilate it altogether. One shock of terror may produce a state of mind which is ever after susceptible of the same agony, and from such a time fear is never absent.

When children are by nature timid, their fears must be dealt with in a cheerful manner. The example of confidence should be set to them. Show the groundlessness of the fears, and protect the child against them till he has acquired strength and moral courage of his own. Mothers and nurses injudiciously cultivate the sense of fear in children by their over excess of cautiousness. "Don't" do this, "don't" do that, else so and so will happen. "You will be drowned;" or "you will be killed;" or "the man will come and take you away." Thus imaginary fears are conjured up in the child's mind. There are surely other, and far more effectual methods of prohibition besides fear, which carry with them no such torments. But into this latter question we shall not enter now, but reserve it to some more leisure period in the future.

New Books.

STRONG'S HARMONY AND EXPOSITION OF THE GOSPELS.

In a former number of the Repository we gave a very brief notice of this great and valuable book. We have since received from the author a copy, which we have examined with much satisfaction and profit. It contains a textual index, by which the reader may easily find the exposition of any passage in the Gospel history; a harmony and exposition of the history; and appendices, containing tables of measures and weights, a discussion concerning the time of the birth of Christ, comparative table of harmonies, general discussion concerning the topography of ancient Jerusalem, and an analytical index of the Gospel history. The book abounds with maps and various illustrations, all finely executed, and adding much to the interest and value of the work. The book is adapted, not only to the minister's study, but to the Sunday school and the family. No Biblical student should be without it. No teacher of Bible classes or Sunday schools can find any other so convenient and useful a manual of evangelical instruction. Every family head would find in its pages valuable means of communicating to his household religious instruction. The Harmony is arranged with remarkable care and skill. The Exposition consists of a "free version directly from the Greek text, expressing the sense—carefully sifted from the best and most recent commentaries and critical helps, and freed from every difficulty—in a straightforward and modern style, leaving its own appropriateness to commend it to the reader's judgment." Of all commentaries we have ever examined, Mr. Strong's is decidedly the best for conciseness, clearness, and fruitful suggestion. The reader of this work is wearied by no long and common-place homilies, nor is his taste offended by far-fetched and pedantic exhibitions of learning. He will find the exact thought stated in a clear, pointed expression, and the collateral ideas involved in the principal one only suggested. In no case is the patience of the reader or the force of the sentiment exhausted by dull prolixity. Though the work is really learned, yet there appears no ostentatious show nor ambitious display of learning. You see the results only of long study and careful analysis. Persons of only plain, common English education need only carefully read the work to enjoy and appreciate its value. Indeed, to such persons will the book prove peculiarly valuable. We would advise every family-head to read, for the morning and evening Scripture lesson, one section with the exposition. He would thus be able in less than three months to give his family a clear and satisfactory exposition of all the events in the Gospel history, and of the parables and teachings of Christ. It is difficult to obtain any adequate conception of the time, expense, research, study, and thought which such a work must have cost its author. Mr. Strong is one of the very few men who have, by the favor of Providence, both the means and the disposition to undertake and to accomplish such an enterprise. Being a gentleman of education and of fortune, and ambitious only to do good, he has determined to devote his talents, his time, and his means to the acquisition and the diffusion of Biblical knowledge. Though pressed earnestly by his Christian friends, some years ago, and at times prompted by his own inclination, to take on himself the office of the itinerant ministry and the responsibilities of the pastoral work, yet he, wisely following his own mature convictions of duty, chose to remain a layman, and labor in a quiet, useful, but nearly unoccupied department of Christian duty. There is need of more men such as he—men of education, of talent, of tact, of research, of studious habits, of cultivated taste, of ambition, not for exciting popular applause, but only for permanent usefulness, and withal of ample fortune, enabling them to afford to devote their time to pursuits purely literary, regardless of pecuniary profit. Mr. Strong, we are pleased to learn from a personal interview with him, intends to continue his literary labors. He is yet but a young man, and may, by the favor of Providence, count on long years, and an enviable position among the philosophic and literary benefactors of man. Long may he live, much good may he do, and abundant and precious may be his reward, both in the present life and the life to come!

GILDER'S RHETORICAL READER.—This is the best book of its class we have yet seen. The principles of elocution are explained and illustrated in a very clear, concise, and impressive manner. A few brief, pertinent, and natural rules are given, and copious and well-selected examples serve to fix in the mind the application of each rule. The lessons for reading and declamation are admirably selected. There is retained a sufficient number of the old and well-known pieces from the classic British authors, from Pitt, and Sheridan, and Burke. These pieces have become with every schoolboy household words, nor could they be wisely omitted from any reading-book. There is introduced a choice selection from well-known modern British and American writers—from Brougham, and Chalmers, and Macaulay, and Carlyle, and Webster, and Everett, and Channing, and Irving. There is also a very valuable and happy selection from the productions of a class of American writers not as yet so well-known in our school-books as in our religious associations. Those who venerate the name of Fisk, and Olin, and Summerfield, and Emory, and Bascom, and Cookman, will find in this book some of the most choice gems from the intellectual mine of those sainted ones treasured up for the future. And the admirers of the living stars in our own firmament, of Wise, and of McClintock, and of Kidder, and of Thomson, and of Durbin, and of Morris, and of Tefft, will find here "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," which they will love to enshrine in their memory. We consider this new feature of Mr. Gilder's book—the copious selection of choice extracts from writers of merit associated with our own Church—as one of the most valuable peculiarities of the work. Too long has the world been allowed, whenever science, or taste, or literature has been in question, to ask, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" We have the men, we have the mind, we have all the material, and we have the opportunity of building up, as have all others done before us, a denominational literature. It is no time now to hide our denominational colors nor abjure our denominational epithets. Let our men be known, let our literature be known, let our institutions be known, let our periodicals be known, let all be known in their own livery, and we can not fail to command in the literary, as we already do in the religious associations of the land, a position of eminence and influence. We thank Mr. Gilder, thank him from our very heart, for bringing his mature judgment and good taste into requisition in preparing his book. In the peculiar tone and spirit of the lessons he has selected, he has given us indications of refinement and delicacy of taste. There is a charm in the style of his selections, a dignity of thought, and a beauty of expression that can not fail to promote both the morals and the taste of the scholar who may become familiar with the book. We are happy to learn, as we do from Mr. Gilder's preface, that he intends to publish, on the same plan, a juvenile reader, and one for the use of young ladies. For the latter enterprise he has superior qualifications, as he has long been at the head of one of the very best female seminaries of the country. To his enterprises we wish abundant success, and to himself long life and prosperity!

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY.—The enterprise of Mr. Putnam in publishing a series of cheap, readable books for travelers and fireside readers is a very happy conception, and, in general, wisely executed. Several books of the series are interesting, and some of them valuable. Others, however, are of very little account. Much of the success of such an enterprise must depend on a judicious selection of works. The selector should be a great reader, and distinguished for good taste and for intimate acquaintance with the taste of the public. Why have none of our religious publishing houses undertaken a similar series? A library of the kind, exclusively religious, might not prove popular or profitable; but surely a series on the plan of Putnam, devoted to "literature and religion," would be well sustained by the public. We are suffering literature to be too much the ally of fashion and of folly. Its appropriate sphere is the cultivation of the moral affections. Unless we bestir ourselves in using literature as the associate and aid of religion, we shall have a most sad account to render in the day of reckoning. Who will arise first and foremost in this great work?

Editor's Crib.

We ought, perhaps, to state again that we do not deal in polemics, and that correspondents who wish to discuss mooted questions ought to send their articles to weekly editors rather than to ourself. And yet we like spirit in a correspondent; for instance, one like "Philander," who sends us an epistle on life insurance, and who says we ought to publish his piece, controversy or no controversy, and that all the men who write against life insurance are men who have nice, comfortable homes and well-furnished parlors to sit in, and who, if called for by Death, could leave to their wives and children something more than the inheritance of beggary. Philander, we like your piece in several particulars; but in certain parts we fear it would give offense, and add nothing to the Christian graces of your brethren. Why dare you ask the question how a preacher, with his wife and children, can live on two or three hundred dollars a year, when not one of his members would be willing to undertake the experiment without grumbling? Why do you insinuate that a man with such a salary must turn bankrupt, and leave his family penniless at his death? Do you not know that such a preacher is bankrupt all the while, and that his pocket is empty, his heart heavy, and his whole soul disturbed in regard to how and where he shall get bread? Do you not know, also, that his brethren have paid their twenty-five cents, and that this is a quarter and quarterage together? Come, sir, the open discussion of such topics, in the pages of a ladies' magazine, could not be otherwise than disastrous. The spirit of persecution would run high, and the reputation of many who are fond of cheating the preacher and filling their own money-bags would become involved. You say that you expect, or rather guess, that the reason why some railroad companies put preachers through at half fare is because the poor preachers get only half pay. Well, this is a thought, and a bright one, too; and how thankful ought we all to be to know that corporations, if not Christians, have souls.

As the reader knows, certain ladies, a short time since, held a Rights' Convention at Syracuse, N. Y. Various topics were discussed, and with a vast deal of excitement and confusion as accompaniments. We think that it is about time for the men to have a convention, and that they discuss the necessity of having a share of the staying at home to nurse the baby and make the bread, while their wives go out and take hold of the plow-handle, or dig with a shovel in some railroad embankment. We like fair play and "good justice" in this matter. If the women must hustle up to the ballot-box and must dabble in the filth and slop of party politics, let them do it. But adieu, then, to all that endears woman now to our hearts. She has her sphere and man has his, and to assign to both the same duties would be and is preposterous. Stormy and terrible times must the husbands of these wives have when their spouses are at home, if we are to judge of their temper and character by their debates in convention. We pity such husbands. Their wives become public brawlers, and go up in council to tell of their unmitigated and intolerable suffering. Why don't they get divorced, and leave their husbands, and set up a sample of decent behavior for others to follow, and not be constantly complaining, and yet disposed to try nothing else?

There are some abuses in society which ought to be corrected, and there are certain rights which ought to be conceded to woman, and which, if a proper method is taken, will eventually be granted her. There is the case of the needlewoman, who wears out her life in the effort to sustain life merely, while men laboring only half as many hours as they have a competence. But we doubt wholly the policy of denouncing an evil in excited debate as the best method of abolishing it. Not the smothering of the Bible and Bible principles, as these would-be reformers would teach; but the dissemination and practice of its truths only can correct the existing evils of the social compact. Let us have the light, the light of Gospel truth and heaven, in the hearts of the children of men, and then wives will have little of which to complain regarding their husbands, and husbands every-where will study the wishes and the welfare of their wives as much as many are now said selfishly to study their own.

Our engravings this month will give general satisfaction, we think. They are spirited and well executed. The young rider and his horse are out in fine trim, and seem intent on a fast ride and much fun. Strikingly characteristic of that most terrible of western scenes is the Prairie on Fire. How startled, in the foreground, seem the deer, and yet how slow and undecided are they about seeking a retreat from the crackling and close-pursuing flames.

In our allusion to one of the September plates—The Indiana Hospital for the Blind—we omitted to mention the name of the Superintendent, Mr. Wm. H. Churchman, himself blind, but an officer peculiarly adapted to the responsible and difficult post which he occupies. It was mainly through the suggestions and considerations made by Mr. Churchman that this noble structure was erected. Our sister state is under great and lasting obligations to him, and no doubt the gratitude of the unfortunate inmates is freely lavished upon him. The literary proficiency of the pupils, who read by means of raised letters, printed on heavy paper, is highly creditable. We notice in the Annual Report quite a list of articles, the result of the manual labor of the different members of the institution—such as hair-brushes, shoe-brushes, flesh, hat, clothes, horse, dust, and scrubbing-brushes, cradles, willow wagons, market-baskets, school and sewing-baskets, carpets, towels, sheets, purses, tidies, etc. The total value of the articles manufactured yearly must amount, we think, to about two thousand dollars. May the institution live, and long continue to shed its wholesome influence among those from whom the beams of the soft sunlight are forever shut out!

Poems, by William Baxter, one of our old correspondents, is the title of a chaste and beautiful volume from the press of Metcalf & Company, Cambridge, Mass., which the author has laid on our table. We copy from it "Among the Pines," which the reader may find on another page. The work can be had of Mr. Jethro Jackson, corner of Walnut and Eighth streets, in this city. Price, one dollar; or, by inclosing one dollar and nine cents in postage stamps, it will be mailed to any part of the country.

That trite but fruitful old topic, the paper-soled shoes of American ladies, is quite vigorously discussed in a recent book of travels by Captain McKinnon. Dr. Fitch, of New York, has likewise been lecturing on the subject. Speaking of the wan, pale, and delicate specimens of humanity presented to a stranger on his first look at Americans, he reiterates the fact that only about four out of every hundred individuals in this country live to the age of sixty. On the other hand, in England seven out of every hundred attain to this excellent age. The climate there may be warmer and more temperate than here; but, at the same time, it is much damper, and has all those atmospheric and other conditions which contribute to produce an immense amount of consumption. Transatlantic people are confined and closely packed. Millions live so poorly, and in such miserable habitations, that a far greater tendency to this disease exists there than in America. Why, then, the great difference in regard to English and American mortality or health? It is found in the fact, unquestionably, that they take experience as their guide, while we take nothing for our guide, but jump headlong into every hurry and excess possible, without consulting the old, and without any regard to the probable or ultimate result of certain habits upon our health. We wear thin shoes, thin dresses; we exercise but little, stay in doors as much as we can, run like electricity when we get into the sunlight, and keep the wheels of life in a perpetual and tremendous flutter. What wonder that we soon find death, and soon get rest in the grave?

With one other number closes the twelfth volume of the Ladies' Repository. Need we spend time or words in urging upon the attention of our patrons a continuance of their favors? Now is no time for inaction. Come, friends, let us have not only your names, but the names of your friends and acquaintances. We desire to begin with a heavy subscription list. Let us have such an one as the periodical has never yet boasted, and let all get to work at once for the object. If each single subscriber would set his heart on getting just *one more*, there would be almost enough.

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